M B Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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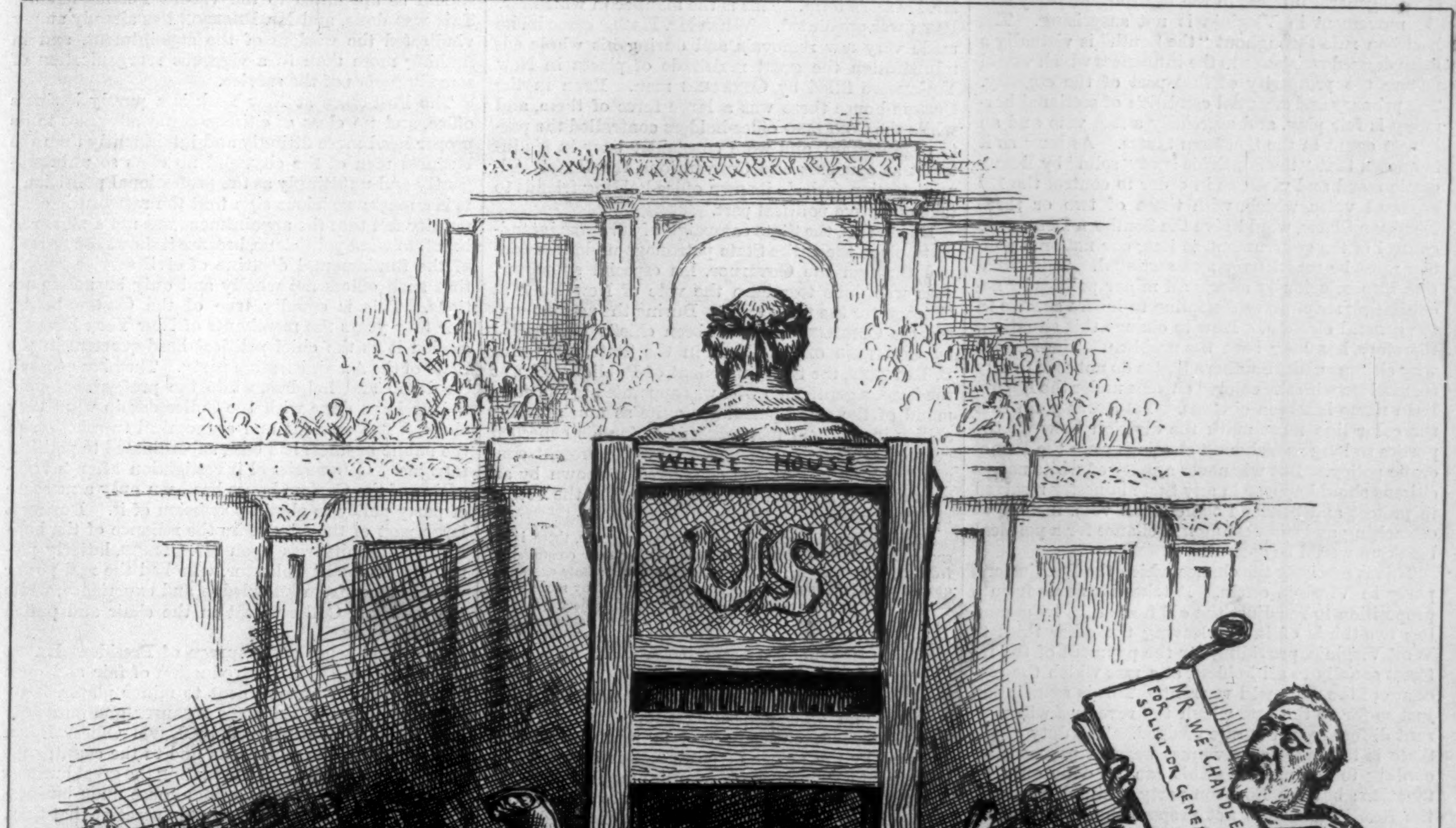


A FALLING OFF—OF BOSSES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 85 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued June* 14, *opens with a bicycling article, entitled " On Wheels," with a front-page illustration by* ROGERS *that will prove very interesting to boys. The number also contains an article on Postage Stamps, " The Apprentice's Leap," and " How Tom Ran the Engine without Wood or Water" ; capital stories by* DAVID KER *and* CHARLES BARNARD; *Part I. of " The Daisy Cot," a two-part story for girls, by* LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON; *Chapter VI. of " The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" ; and a great variety of novel attractions.*

THE VIRGINIA READJUSTERS.

THE general interest in the Readjusters' party and movement in Virginia is not surprising. The Bourbon rule throughout "the South" is virtually a mere dogged resistance to the influences which would restore the prosperity of that part of the country. The primary and essential condition of sectional harmony is fair play, and especially a free vote and an honest count in the Southern States. As long as it is known that "the South" is kept "solid" by Democratic fraud and violence in order to control the 138 electoral votes, which, with those of two or three Northern States, would give the Southern Democrats control of the government, so long our national politics must be reactionary and sectional. This situation also injuriously affects all minor politics by necessitating strict party discipline to insure success in the general election. How to change this situation, therefore, has long been the problem. The reasons why citizens of the Southern States do not care to ally themselves with the colored citizens under the Republican name has been obvious. Yet it was plain that the color line must mark the division between the parties so long as dishonest elections were the Democratic policy. But whenever a party of white native citizens should appear in any State honestly resolved to protect and befriend the colored vote, instead of ostracizing and suppressing it, a chance for a political break-up would be opened.

This is precisely the chance which the Readjusters' party in Virginia offers. It takes its name from a proposition to re-adjust the old State debt by assuming two-thirds of it, and leaving the other third to West Virginia, providing for the payment of the interest equally to all holders, at a rate which the revenues of the State will warrant. This is repudiation just so far as the rate which the revenues will warrant differs from the rate pledged. The duty of the State is to make the revenues warrant payment according to the pledge. This can be done only by taxation; but the Bourbon party, while denouncing the Readjusters, does not propose the necessary increase of taxation. In this situation, and to secure the support of the colored voters, the Readjusters propose to repeal the capitation tax, which has disfranchised great numbers of the poor colored citizens, to defend a free vote, and to secure a fair count. In other words, the party proposes to give the colored citizens fair play. As the Readjusters are composed largely of "the plain people," they are naturally very strong, and the attraction which they offer to Republicans, especially colored Republicans, is very powerful. It is an alliance of the kind which has been long foreseen as the only kind under which the "solid South" is likely to dissolve, offering an alternative which has been presented to Republicans in many Southern Congressional districts, of foregoing the honest financial policy of the Republican party in order to secure other advantages which seem to many such Republicans much more pressing.

The Readjusters' platform contains a cordial and liberal resolution to strengthen the general good understanding of the country by honestly maintaining equal rights, and by promising a hearty welcome and perfect liberty of every kind to all who choose to throw in their fortunes with those of Virginia. It is a frank and significant declaration, which no Democratic platform in the Southern States has contained, and the conduct of the Readjusters has not belied their words. They are Democrats who voted for HANCOCK, but who have broken with the regular State organization of their party; and while there is undoubtedly the usual proportion of self-seeking and hypocrisy among them which are familiar in all parties, they show a practical sympathy with the fundamental Republican policy of honest elections which contrasts most favorably with the action of the Bourbon Democrats, who are certainly no less selfish, and infinitely more reactionary. The letter of a late correspondent in Missouri, an ex-Confederate soldier, says plainly that the essential significance of the Readjuster movement is not financial, but political. It is the insurrection of the younger Southern voters, who are weary and impatient of a domination which paralyzes "the South," and as the debt question has become subordinate, it can hardly be doubted that the Readjusters who welcomed colored delegates to their Convention, and nominated an old Union man and Republican as Lieutenant-Governor, will have a strong Republican support as the best practicable policy in the actual situation.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

THERE is one remark of Mr. CONKLING's retainers which deserves attention and correction. It is alleged that he has now, and has had for four years, all the power of the patronage of the government against him, and that he is fighting single-handed, a private citizen, with all the office-holding interest. The truth is that during General GRANT's administration Mr. CONKLING's authority in appointments in this State was supreme; and at the very end of that administration, knowing that Mr. HAYES would not make a clean sweep, Mr. CONKLING turned out important officers whose terms had not expired, such as the United States Marshal of this district, in order to fill their places with his own agents, who would hold during Mr. HAYES's term. This is the manner in which Mr. PAYN was appointed. When Mr. HAYES came in, he made very few removals, and during his whole administration the great multitude of places in New York were filled by CONKLING men. Even in the Custom-house there was a large force of them, and while the CONKLING office-holders controlled the party organization, and were constantly busy in his interest at caucuses and Conventions, the HAYES Administration forbade its own office-holding friends to take an active political part.

Beside this, the State campaign of 1879 was intended to place the entire State patronage under his control through the Governor, his especial supporter. This was done to secure the vote of New York at Chicago for the third term. During the present contest the CONKLING force has been chiefly marshalled by CONKLING office-holders in the State, Mr. SILAS B. DUTCHER, the Superintendent of Public Works, at the head, a gentleman who was appointed to the command of the canal patronage quite as much for his ability in political management as for his conceded general executive efficiency. How the present contest for Mr. CONKLING is conducted is shown by an extract from an Albany letter just before the voting began:

"And besides this exertion of personal influence, there is an enormous concourse of public officers holding their commissions from the Governor—harbor-master, health-officers, State assessors, quarantine commissioners, asylum trustees, and many more kinds—all at work here for the same common political object. Besides so many State officers assembled as if by word of command from central authority, here also are gathered in mass almost all the Republican officers of municipal government and inferior courts of New York city."

To take from Mr. CONKLING at any time the office-holding and office-expecting support would be to overthrow him entirely; and to represent him as opposed by the power of patronage is inexpressibly amusing to New-Yorkers, who are familiar with the fact that had President HAYES chosen to exercise that power as Mr. CONKLING has always exercised it, he would have prevented Mr. CONKLING's re-election in 1878.

It is also said that Mr. CONKLING has not been in the habit of asking for places for his followers. Why should he have asked? He fought to the death to secure the great appointing officers in his interest, and when he had secured them, there was no need for him to ask for minor places, because he knew that abject servility to him was the primary condition of subordinate appointment. There has been no more absolutely selfish politician in our history. His most devoted retainer would not call him magnanimous in any sense whatever. It has been remarked that as there is no leader upon whom his opponents naturally and instinctively concentrate, it is plain that he is the only Republican leader. But this is the result of the policy of the CONKLING despotism, which has been to destroy and suppress any rising man whose talent made him a possible rival. Does any observer out of the State suppose that Mr. PLATT was elected Senator last winter because he was in any sense whatever a representative Republican? Mr. PLATT and Mr. ARTHUR represent only the kind of Republican that the CONKLING despotism has chosen to elevate, because men of real public ability and political independence would imperil the "primacy" of Mr. CONKLING. The supporters of the ex-Senator, in the State and out of it, should free their minds of cant. Mr. CONKLING rose by patronage. He flourished by patronage. He fell in a frantic struggle to retain patronage. And the main support that he now receives is due to patronage.

BUSINESS MEN AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE Chamber of Commerce of New York at its last monthly meeting passed resolutions declaring that the system of examinations for appointment in the Custom-house during the last two years "has been of substantial value to the mercantile community," and "that the interests of all doing business with the Custom-house demand the continuance and extension of the same system, as one which has resulted in more prompt and intelligent attention to the business both of the government and of the merchant." The Chamber further resolved to wait, by a committee, upon the new Collector when he shall have taken his seat, and to urge upon him the importance of the matter; and to transmit a copy of the resolutions to the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, requesting them to throw their influence in the same direction. This is very significant. Nothing has shown more plainly the great progress which this question has made in public opinion than the attitude of the business circles of New York during the last few months. The reform introduced by Mr. JAMES into the Post-office had produced a postal service so superior to any which the merchants of New York had ever known that upon his promotion to the cabinet they instinctively apprehended the results of abandoning the Post-office to the political sharks and runners, and addressed a weighty and impressive petition to the President, asking that Mr. PEARSON, the efficient lieutenant of Mr. JAMES, who had been associated with him in the good work, should be appointed to the vacant Postmastership. This was done, and Mr. PEARSON has already amply vindicated the wisdom of the appointment, and in nothing more than in a vigorous reorganization of some branches of the service.

The Post-office at New York is a purely business office, and no class of citizens could advise as to its proper head more fittingly and intelligently than the business men of the city, and no class so unintelligently and unfittingly as the professional politicians. It is a most auspicious sign that the mercantile community felt that the appointment was not a matter to be left to ward politicians, because it shows the growth of the fundamental doctrine of civil service reform that such offices are wholly and only business positions. This is equally true of the Custom-house. For fifty years the merchants of New York have regarded it as the chief political head-quarters in the State of the Administration party. They have looked on, dumb and helpless, while the professional politicians have done with the Collectorship what they chose. The efficient and economical transaction of the public business has been subordinated to political intrigue. Congressional investigation after investigation of the Custom-house has been only a measure of party policy to obtain possession of it. During a large part of the fifty years the reliance of the business community was upon Mr. CLINCH, latterly permanent Assistant Collector, who had the real power which comes from knowledge and experience, while the *fainéant* Collector sat in the chair and pulled political wires.

The good sense and courage of President HAYES broke this spell. His introduction of fair and open competition for appointment to minor places, faithfully supported by Collector MERRITT, and most ably and honestly administered by Naval Officer BURT, has proved to the merchants and to the country the perfect practicability of conducting the great business office of the New York Custom-house upon business principles. The merchants justly perceive that they, and not professional politicians, are the class which is most interested in the Custom-house. The people also are coming to see that their interest in the Custom-house is that it shall be an efficient and economical business office, and not a wasteful and extravagant nest of political intrigue, and a system of prizes for a boss's henchmen. The progress of what is truly the people's reform, to provide that the public business shall be done upon business principles, is marked by nothing more plainly than the demand of the Chamber of Commerce of New York that Collector ROBERTSON shall continue and extend the good work of Collector MERRITT in appointing by proved merit, and not by personal or political favoritism.

VINDICATION.

MR. CONKLING's friends say that he resigned in order to give the Legislature a chance to vindicate him, which means to approve his course. A prompt and practically unanimous re-election was therefore essential to vindication. There could be no vindication without it. What, then, are the facts? The overwhelming majority of the Republican party, speaking by its unanimous press, with three or four exceptions, instantly and unconditionally condemned his course, and of 105 Republican members of the Legislature, a majority of whom are "Stalwarts," thirty-five only voted to return him to the Senate. That is the disastrous result of Mr. CONKLING's appeal for vindication. He has been formally and emphatically repudiated by the Republicans of New York.

And why? For what conduct did he ask the approval of the party? For the greatest and most unpardonable offense that a party man could commit, namely, causelessly and selfishly and childishly betraying the Senate into the hands of the Democrats. His excuse was that the President had broken faith with him. Of course with a President whom he had openly accused of foul play, he could henceforth have no friendly relations. To ask for "vindication" or approval, therefore, was to seek from Republicans a commission to fight the Republican Administration. It was to ask that he be personally sustained against the organized Republican party. This incredible

erection of himself into a political dogma, at the cost of the rupture of the Republican party, explains the rejection of Mr. CONKLING's candidacy by journals hitherto faithfully devoted to him, like the Troy *Times* and the Elmira *Advertiser* and the Buffalo *Express*. They have all shown the most loyal admiration of Mr. CONKLING, but they are Republican, and they could not make Mr. CONKLING their party as against the Republican party. To support him was to do that. It was to sustain him in resigning because he was in a minority of one or two in the Senate, and because the President chose to exercise an indisputable constitutional discretion in a way that Mr. CONKLING did not like.

It has been urged that as the Legislature has refused to vindicate Mr. CONKLING, and as it has been made evident to the country that a majority of two-thirds has steadily pronounced against him, he ought, with Republican loyalty, to accept the decision, and, by withdrawing his name, to allow a Republican Senator to be elected. But those who say this know neither the character of Mr. CONKLING's Republican loyalty nor of his regard for majorities. He abandoned the Senate to the Democrats rather than yield to an overwhelming majority of his Republican colleagues, and he shirked the vote upon the Louisiana returns when the continued power of the Republican party depended upon the approval of the report of the Electoral Commission. He was very urgent to bind everybody in the Chicago Convention to support the candidate, when he thought that he was going to nominate his favorite. But his own support of General GARFIELD was exceedingly tardy and torpid. Mr. CONKLING is for "regularity" when he controls the organization, and for obedience to the majority when he is sure of the majority. That is to say, he is, under all circumstances, for Mr. CONKLING. It would be a kind of loyalty to Republican harmony and to the party welfare which he has never shown to withdraw his name from the Senatorial contest simply because it is demonstrated that the overwhelming Republican majority is against his re-election. In the various political contests in which he has been engaged, success in the particular endeavor, by any means whatever, has been the objective point. But success in any true sense has been impossible in the present contest from the beginning. Mr. CONKLING has lost his power and his prestige, and his assumption of a peculiar Republican loyalty has been thoroughly exposed. As we said last week, he may somehow compass a re-election, but he has been unmasked.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

ONE of LEECH's amusing pictures in *Punch* represents young Buttons, the page, announcing with a frenzy of delight to his "missus," who is addicted to keeping poultry, "Oh, mem, he have laid a hegg," and the gratified matron proceeds, with a superior smile, to contemplate the phenomenon. The gratification with the success of the American horse Iroquois in winning the Derby is pleasing to consider. But why an American horse trained for some time in England by English trainers should not win a race in England is difficult to say.

The excitement, however, on the course and in "sporting circles" was extreme. The accounts telegraphed to the press were very graphic. The throng of spectators was immense and distinguished. The heat was intense, the betting high. The favorite was Peregrine. Thimble-rig and Aunt Sally were in full play. The hill was black with people, nineteen thousand having gone from Victoria Station alone. Coming down the hill on the course, Peregrine had a fair lead. "Peregrine wins; it's all up!" When, lo! a rush, a strain, and the nose of the American Iroquois "showed in front." It showed more and more. It showed triumphantly. He came in first, amid such a roar of surprise and delight and congratulation as has never been heard. It was all done in two minutes and fifty seconds. *Viva l'America!*

It is the first time that an American horse has won the great English race. The owner, Mr. LORILLARD, did not, as was reported, deck his drag with star-spangled bunting, and lead a triumphal procession. He took his success as a gentleman takes any fortune, good or ill. But there can be no doubt that the American eagle "have laid a hegg."

CLEAN STREETS.

THE appointment of Mr. COLEMAN as Superintendent of Street-cleaning is in strict accordance with the Mayor's pledge to nominate that officer with a sole regard to public considerations. Mr. COLEMAN's political opinions are unknown. He is an engineer and contractor, accustomed to deal with large bodies of workmen—an efficient and successful captain of hundreds. The appointment proves that the Mayor himself might have been wisely made responsible for the work, and that he is acting in perfect good faith.

How far the professional politicians will be able to interfere with this important business, and to prevent the cleaning of the streets, remains to be seen. Their especial business is to prevent cleaning anything, and, as Mr. CHOATE said at the Cooper Institute, the best thing to do with them when they become obstructive is to clean them out, if possible. The fact that the appointment to such a place is made solely upon business and common-sense principles, with a view to the result to be accomplished, and not to securing votes for a commissioner or a boss of any kind, is one of the rapidly accumulating signs of the strong and general public demand that the public service of every kind and degree shall be conducted upon reasonable principles.

The result of the street-cleaning agitation, although not precisely what was desired, is such as to encourage similar popular appeals hereafter. What success may be achieved will be of course largely due to the Mayor, but he has been stayed and strengthened in his course by the commanding expression of public sentiment.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE CANADIAN PRESS.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is one of the most thoroughly equipped of political writers, adding to the fullest historical and contemporary information a singularly crisp and pungent style. His ability and his independence make him a very powerful editor, and it is not surprising that upon his departure for England for a long absence the Press Association of the Province of Ontario, with natural pride, should have given him a dinner.

But he is altogether too effective a writer not to have aroused great animosity among those whom he opposes, and the *Globe*, an acrid Tory journal in Toronto, endeavored, but of course vainly, in a series of violent articles, to stigmatize the dinner as an "annexationist" movement, or as an abortive popular ovation. In fact, the dinner had no political significance whatever. It was a purely social tribute from the local press of all parties, and from an association of which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is a member. The association is naturally not large, and the dinner was in no other sense an ovation than that it was a very cordial testimony of respect and regard for the distinguished guest.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's absence will be a serious loss to the Canadian press, in which his *Bystander* has become a powerful influence, cultivating not only that generous independence which is the true spirit of the press, but a warm feeling for this country. Such a disposition is certainly not surprising in an intelligent Canadian, for no great state ever gave a smaller neighbor less cause for ill-feeling than the United States gives Canada.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE name of ALFRED B. STREET is more familiar to schoolboys of the last generation, perhaps, than to those who use the more recent American Readers. Even those who remember his photographic descriptions of natural scenes, and who have long ago declaimed his "Gray Forest Eagle," may have been surprised, by the recent notice of his death, to know that he had lived so long.

Mr. STREET's uneventful life was passed in Albany, and for many years as the State Librarian. He had an eager and pathetic longing for literary sympathy and recognition, and he was always sure to find out every literary man who came to Albany, and to engage him in talk of books and authors. He felt keenly the want of literary companionship in a political capital, and his ungratified ambition made him probably a somewhat unhappy man. But in sympathetic society his simple and friendly nature expanded into genial intercourse.

Mr. STREET was a copious writer, and while he had not the poetic power to impress himself strongly upon our literature, he was peculiarly American, and through all the varying poetic schools and fashions of his long life he was steadily faithful to his own perception and his own talent. His works are interesting as pictures of American scenery treated in a thoroughly American manner, and his name will be one of the literary traditions of the capital of New York.

JOHN ADAMS AND THE SENATE.

MR. WEBSTER said that whenever there was anything to be said or done for liberty, there was sure to be an ADAMS there. Certainly the name is very eminent in the history of liberty in this country. And some remarks of JOHN ADAMS, when the Constitution of the United States was under discussion, show, in the light of to-day, singular political prescience.

Mr. ADAMS was opposed to associating the Senate with the President in the appointing power. In a letter to ROGER SHERMAN in 1789 he says:

"A Senator of great influence will be naturally ambitious, and desirous of increasing his influence. Will he not be under a temptation to use his influence with the President as well as his brother Senators to appoint persons to office in the several States who will exert themselves in elections to get out his enemies or opponents, both in Senate and House of Representatives, and to get in his friends, perhaps his instruments? Suppose a Senator to aim at the Treasury office for himself, his brother, father, or son; suppose him to aim at the President's chair or Vice-President at the next election, or at the office of war, foreign, or domestic affairs—will he not naturally be tempted to make use of his whole patronage, his whole influence, in advising to appointments, both with President and Senators, to get such persons nominated as will exert themselves in elections of President, Vice-President, Senators, and House of Representatives, to increase his interest and promote his views? In this point of view I am very apprehensive that this defect in our Constitution will have an unhappy tendency to introduce corruption of the grossest kinds, both of ambition and avarice, into all our elections."

It is from the tendencies that JOHN ADAMS, with his great political experience, plainly foresaw, that the abuse has arisen known as the courtesy of the Senate—a tacit conspiracy to pervert the power of advice and consent.

THE SEASON OF CATASTROPHES.

THE annual season of steamboat catastrophes and of death by pleasure excursions having opened, the Treasury Department has issued a stringent circular to the steamboat inspectors to see that boats carry no more than the authorized number of passengers, and that the machinery is in order. This is a humane and admirable official precaution, but it is the press which should warn passengers themselves. A crowded excursion steamer is at once uncomfortable and dangerous, and when it is evident before leaving the wharf that there is to be a crowd, the part of common-sense is to go ashore, even if the anticipated pleasure has to be abandoned.

In case of accident upon a crowded boat, panic is inevitable, and the consequences are frightful to contemplate. The old lady's distinction between accidents by land and water becomes then very suggestive. "If anything happens on land, there you are; but if anything happens on the water, where are you?" The terrible loss of the *Seawanhaka* last summer shows how really insecure are boats which are assumed to be managed with the utmost care. The *Seawanhaka* was largely owned by gentlemen who came and went in her every day. Her captain and pilot were approved and capable officers. She was making her usual trip, when she suddenly took fire close to the shore, and was totally destroyed, with a sad loss of life.

For the condition of the boilers and of the machinery the passenger must rely upon the government inspector, but of the crowd he is himself the judge. If he is going for pleasure with wife and child, he will avoid the crowded boat until he has had more evidence than experience thus far affords that the boat is probably safe.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR CHARLES MURRAY NAIRNE, in consequence of failing health, has resigned the professorship of Philosophy and Belles-Lettres in Columbia College, which he has held for twenty-four years. The trustees of the college evinced their esteem for Professor NAIRNE by making him an emeritus professor, with an annuity of $2000 a year.

—The Hon. CHARLES FOSTER has been renominated by the Ohio Republicans for Governor of that State. In 1879 he was elected to this position by a plurality of 17,129. His portrait was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 6 of that year.

—THOMAS CONSTABLE, a notice of whose death appears in the London *Times* as having occurred on the 26th ult. at Marston Biggot Rectory, the residence of his youngest brother, the Rev. JOHN CONSTABLE, was in his sixty-ninth year. The third son of the publisher ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, he was at his father's death in 1827 left entirely without resources in his fifteenth year. Proceeding to London, he apprenticed himself to RICHARDS, a well-known printer, whom he served faithfully for the full apprentice period of seven years, after which he returned to his native city, assuming charge of the printing business of his late grandfather WILLISON. THOMAS CONSTABLE was soon recognized as a printer of more than usual taste and judgment, and in 1837, when only twenty-four years old, was appointed by royal letters patent her Majesty's printer for Scotland. Mr. CONSTABLE in 1838 married a daughter of ALEXANDER COWAN, of Valleyfield, whose son JAMES is now one of the members of Parliament for Edinburgh—a position formerly held by his elder brother, CHARLES COWAN, at one time a Lord of the Treasury. THOMAS CONSTABLE in 1844 started the *North British Review* in the interests of the Free Kirk party, but it was not a success; indeed, none of Mr. CONSTABLE's publishing ventures were profitable. It is said that he paid Rev. Dr. HANNA for the copyright of the posthumous works and biography of Dr. CHALMERS the large sum of $50,000. It is not believed that THOMAS CONSTABLE has left a large fortune; but to his widow, three daughters, and four sons he leaves a reputation for the highest honor and integrity, and for a benevolence and charity that knew no bounds. The eldest surviving brother of Mr. CONSTABLE is Major A. G. CONSTABLE, of this city.

—Sir WILLIAM R. DRAKE, honorary secretary of the British Society of Painter-Etchers, has addressed a letter to JAMES D. SMILLIE, of the New York Etching Club, announcing that the council of the society has invited HENRY FARRER, A. F. BELLEWS, F. S. CHURCH, THOMAS MORAN, MARY NIMMO MORAN, R. SWAIN GIFFORD, J. M. FALCONER, and J. D. SMILLIE, who were among the prominent American contributors to the first annual exhibition of the society, to become fellows. The compliment is a very high one, but well deserved.

—In alluding to the work of Mr. WILLIAMS, of Ohio, we inadvertently called him GEORGE H. WILLIAMS instead of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS. The title of his projected work is *The History of the Colored People in the States from* 1620 *to* 1880: *Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens.*

—Lord ROSEBERY is named as a possible successor to Sir EDWARD THORNTON at Washington. Mr. GLADSTONE is a close personal friend and frequent guest of Lord ROSEBERY; hence, doubtless, the report.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT left an estate valued at about $4,000,000, but made no public bequests. In this respect he had recently administered on his own estate, having within the past year given about $250,000 to various public institutions.

—The late JACOB JACOBS, of Troy, bequeathed to Christ Church $4000; Troy Orphan Asylum, $2000; Day Home, $1000; Little Sisters of the Poor, $1000. About $32,000 are left in legacies to institutions and to relatives, servants, and friends, including the above benefactions. Half of the real estate, or nearly half, valued at $50,000, is left to the late Mr. JACOBS's adopted daughter, Mrs. ORVILLE W. WAY, the wife of a worthy pattern-maker in BURDETT's foundry; the remainder of the real estate, worth about $50,000, goes to relatives in Canada. The balance of the personal property is left to a number of residuary legatees and to Christ Church, and is divided into twelve parts, of which Christ Church receives two.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE, in *Truth*, says that if the aristocratic world is to follow its leader in the same way the votaries of fashion follow theirs, we may expect soon to receive some such invitations as the following: "Lady V—— at home at her private cemetery on Thursday from four till seven. Tomb opening at five. The band of the Second Death Guards will be present, and give selections from the new opera *La Mort d'Endymion*. Refreshments, in the shape of hemlock and henbane cups, will be handed round. Hearses to be ordered for seven o'clock."

—Dr. SCHAFF, the eminent Biblical scholar, is a man of sixty odd, of medium stature, and inclined to stoutness. His hair is white, his whiskers ditto, and close cut. In his manner he is kind and genial, and talks freely on the work of revision.

—It is related that when President GARFIELD signed General WALLACE's commission as Minister to Turkey, he wrote across its face: "Ben Hur.—J. A. G."

—American travellers in Europe know what it is to take up a London daily paper and find the news of the United States compressed into a few lines, and packed away in an obscure corner. This transatlantic irritation is to be terminated by the enterprise of Mr. MUDFORD, the broad-minded editor of *The Standard*. The first New York cable correspondent arrived in the Empire City on Monday, commissioned to establish an independent daily service of news and opinion between New York and London. Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, the well-known London correspondent of *The N. Y. Times*, has been intrusted with this important international work. He sent his first cable on Monday. It was a sketch of the Panama Canal business from an American point of view, and is worth recording as the pioneer cable of a new era of intelligence in the great London newspapers. *The Standard* is wise in making its latest experiment under the auspices of Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, who has special facilities for his work here, and hosts of friends to help him. He hopes to complete his organization in a few weeks, returning to his London duties for *The Times* in July. We congratulate America upon this new recognition of her progress. *The Standard* will add a very large amount to its yearly expenses by the addition to its other features of these special cables from the United States.

"SHE STEPPED OUT ON TO A WOODEN BALCONY."—[See Page 410.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1277.]

The Beantiful Wretch: A Brighton Story.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Macleod of Dare," "Sunrise," "A Princess of Thule," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE SAME.

The night passed quickly, and amid all this bewilderment of music and dancing and introductions, Nan very soon forgot even the existence of the young lieutenant whose acquaintance she had made. Moreover, the succession of these rapid excitements left no room for anything resembling stage-fright—although, it is true, each time the band began anew she felt a little throb. But Lady Stratherne, who had now all her guests assembled, was so indefatigable in seeing that Nan should not be left neglected, and the dancing in this crowd was so much a matter of experiment and accident, and the fact that she was introduced to one or two partners who seemed no more expert than herself was so re-assuring, that, on the whole, Nan was very much delighted in her demure way, and that delight showed itself in her face and in her clear bright eyes. Her hair was a little wild; and she had lost some of her forget-me-nots; and there were one or two flying tags that had got dissociated from the skirt of her dress: but was not that all part of the play? Nan's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were pleased and bright: the only thing that troubled her in this whirl of excitement was an occasional qualm about her mother. Had she not promised to keep the poor mamma company? But a time would come, and then she would make amends by being particularly affectionate.

The time did come. On consulting the programme Nan found opposite the next dance a scrawl that might be made out to be "F. H. King," and then she bethought herself of the young sailor. Well, he had left. That was very opportune. She would devote the time of this dance to her mother, and take her into the tea-room, and ask her which of her old friends she had met, and even offer to go home with her if she felt fatigued.

"Mamma," she said to Lady Beresford, "don't you think I've done enough? England can't expect you to do more than your duty, even with all those flags overhead. Come away, and I will get you some tea. Though what would be better for you still would be some B. and S."

"Nan, how dare you!" said her mother, angrily, and glancing round. "You may use such expressions if you like when you are with your brother. Pray don't disgrace the whole family when you are elsewhere."

"Mamma dear," said Nan, contritely, "it is madness—pure madness. The excitement of my first ball has got into my brain—"

"Into your what?" said her mother, with a smile: Nan, and Nan alone, could pacify her in a second.

At the same moment the band began again; and somehow Nan, looking up, found before her some one who was no other than the young lieutenant she had met at the beginning of the evening. She was somewhat bewildered by this jack-in-the-box sort of appearance.

"I think you promised me this next dance, Miss Beresford," said he. He was a grave-looking young man for his years—a Corsican Brother—the Ghost in *Hamlet*—she did not know what to make of him.

"I thought you had left," she stammered. "You have not been dancing?"

"No, I have not been dancing," he repeated.

"I will come back to you soon, mamma," she said, and she put her hand on his arm and moved away with him.

"The fact is," said he, "I don't like much being introduced to strangers: most girls stare at you so, with a sort of hold-off air, and it is so difficult to get on pleasant and friendly terms with them."

"I should not have thought you were so shy," said Nan, with an honest laugh.

He flushed a little, and said:

"If you've lived most of your life on board ship, you may feel a little bit awkward. But mind," he added, with some eagerness, "sometimes—not often—once in half a dozen years, maybe—you meet with a girl who is quite different from the others, quite different; you know it at once from her manner; and you can make friends with her with the greatest ease, simply because she is intelligent and quick in appreciation, and not affected in her ways, or stiff."

This eager encomium passed upon an imaginary person struck Nan as being somewhat out of place; for the waltz had already begun, and she wanted to get back to her mamma. Whereas

this Lieutenant King seemed to wish to stand there and talk to her.

"Of course, that's special good luck for a sailor," said he, with a smile, "to be able to make friends in a short time. For it's only a short time he has. Ashore to-day, and off to-morrow again; and, what's worse, out of sight, out of mind."

"Oh, not always," said Nan, cheerfully.

"Oh yes, it is," he said. "People on shore are too much concerned among themselves to think about the people away at sea. Why, you yourself now; after you leave this house to-night you will completely forget that there are such things as either ships or sailors until you come back here to another ball, and then the bunting will remind you."

"Now there you are quite wrong," said she, firmly; "for I see ships and sailors every day of my life."

"Why, how is that?" he exclaimed, with great interest.

"We live in Brighton," said Nan, simply; "and I walk a good deal along the downs—toward Newhaven, you know. The ships are a good way off, generally; still you watch them, and you are interested in them."

"You walk along the downs between Brighton and Newhaven?" he said, as if it was an extraordinary matter. "Alone?"

"Generally."

"When I am passing, I will look out for you: I will imagine that I can see you."

Nan thought this was idle talk, so she said, with a smile,

"Shall we give up this dance too? The fact is, I want to take mamma and get her some tea, or an ice, or something."

"Oh, don't do that!" said he, eagerly. "Introduce me to her, and I will take you both down to supper. There are some people there already—"

"But I must not go down—not yet," said Nan, remembering her youth.

"Why not?" said he, boldly. "I know Lady Stratherne well enough for anything. Why, nothing could be more natural. Of course you will come down with your mamma."

"I'm very hungry, and that's the truth," said Nan. "For I was too excited or frightened to think about dinner. But if I went down now, wouldn't they think it was a little bit—"

She was about to say "cheeky," but she remembered in time that this was not her brother. He broke in abruptly:

"Never mind what any one thinks. Come away, Miss Beresford, and introduce me to your mamma."

Then he looked at the various couples rapidly moving round that open space to the sound of the seductive music, and he said, rather wistfully:

"Don't you think we might have one turn? I shall not dance again this evening."

"Oh yes, certainly, if you wish it," she said, quite blithely; and she gave him her fan to hold, and arranged her train; and a couple of seconds thereafter they were lost in that slowly circling whirlpool of muslin and silk and satin.

When they came out of it again he was introduced to Lady Beresford; and although he was quite anxiously humble and courteous to the elder lady, he would hear of nothing but that she and Nan should forthwith go down stairs to supper. By-and-by there would be too great a crush. It was a kindness to Lady Stratherne to go before everybody else wanted a place. And Miss Anne was hungry—which was a great matter.

Lady Beresford looked at Nan; but that young lady was unconscious. The end of it was that these three very speedily found themselves below, in the supper-room, where as yet there were only a number of elderly people who had grown tired of the duties of chaperoning. And they had scarcely sat down when Frank King, who was most assiduous in his attentions to Lady Beresford, and scarcely saw Nan at all, discovered that the mamma knew certain relatives of his, and knew all about his own family, and had even on one occasion visited Kingscourt a good many years ago. Lady Beresford was very kind to him. He was a pleasant-mannered, clever-looking young man, and he had a distinguished air that lent value to the little courtesies he paid. She even said, as they were talking of chance meetings and the like, that she would be glad if he called on them while she and her daughters were in London.

"May I be allowed to call on you at Brighton—some day—Lady Beresford?" he said, quickly. "The fact is, my leave is out. I have to rejoin my ship at Portsmouth to-morrow."

At this Nan pricked up her ears. She suddenly remembered that to her had been intrusted the covert intelligence of his promotion. But was it necessary it should be kept so great a secret? she asked herself—rather breathlessly, and with her heart beginning to beat quickly. If he were to know on the morrow, why not now? It would make him very happy; it would indeed add a few hours of happiness to his life; and surely Sir George Stratherne, who was the very soul of kindness, would rather approve?

Well, she let these two talk on for a time; she wished to be discreet; she wished to be less nervous. For was it not a great event in the career of a young man? And how might he take it? She said to herself: "The old monarchs used to kill the messengers who brought them bad news; and they used to give heaps of presents to those who brought them good news. I am glad I shall be able to tell him of his promotion, for he has been so excessively kind to mamma."

She waited her opportunity.

"Oh, Lieutenant King, do you know a ship called the *Fly-by-Night?*" she said, quite casually, and in an off-hand way.

"Yes," he said, regarding her with some surprise. "She's what they call a school-brig—a training-brig. I think she's at Plymouth."

"A training-brig?" said Nan, innocently. "Then they want a clever officer, I suppose, to be in command of a training-brig?"

"Yes, they want a smart fellow," said he, without any great interest; and he was about to turn to Lady Beresford again, when Nan continued:

"Would it—would it surprise you if you heard you were to be transferred to the *Fly-by-Night?*"

"'NO, I DON'T,' HE SAID. HOW DELIGHTED HE WAS TO LET HER RAMBLE ON IN THIS WAY!"—[See Page 411.]

"I shouldn't like to hear of it," said he, laughing; "I am satisfied where I am."

"But I mean to command her."

"I am afraid that's a long way off yet," said he, lightly.

"Oh no, it isn't," said Nan, timorously. "I am sure it is no great secret—you will know to-morrow—you are to be appointed to-morrow to the command of the *Fly-by-Night*."

His face flushed a deep red.

"You are joking, Miss Beresford."

"Oh no, I am not," said Nan, hastily. "Sir George told me to-night: I am not joking at all—Captain King," said she, at a wild venture.

For an instant she saw his under lip quiver. He sat quite silent. Then he said,

"That is Sir George's doing—if it is possible."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the Admiral himself appeared, bringing in a little old lady with a portentous head-dress. Nan instantly conjectured that she must be a dowager-duchess, for she thought that no one but a dowager-duchess would dare to wear such a thing.

Sir George paused as he passed them.

"Hillo, here's my sweetheart. I told you I wanted to drink a glass of wine with you. Doing your duty, Frank King? When's your leave out?"

"I am going down to Portsmouth to-morrow, Sir George."

"No, no. You'll have a message from the Admiralty to-morrow. I didn't see you dancing to-night; you young fellows are getting lazy."

He passed on. Nan looked triumphantly across the corner of the table. Frank King said, laughing off his embarrassment:

"I have a vague impression that I ought to thank you for it, Miss Beresford; and I don't know how. I hope it is true. They never gave me a hint of it. You would have thought Charley Stratherne would have known."

"It was very imprudent of my daughter," said Lady Beresford, severely, "to mention such a thing. But Sir George makes a pet of her. And I hope no harm has been done."

Frank King warmly protested. How could any harm be done? And he redoubled his attentions to Lady Beresford. Not only that, but when they returned to the ball-room he was very anxious to be introduced to Nan's sisters, and was most polite to them, though he did not ask them for a dance. Moreover, he got hold of Charley Stratherne, and through him made the acquaintance of Mr. Tom Beresford; and these three, having adjourned for a time to a certain remote snuggery where were sherry and soda and cigarettes, Frank King was quite content to accept from Mr. Tom hints concerning things about town. There was in especial a famous "lion comique"—the Great Dunce, or the Jolly Ass, or some such creature—about whom Mr. Tom was much exercised; and Frank King professed himself quite interested in hearing about this person. The grave young lieutenant was, indeed, extraordinarily complaisant this evening. He was unusually talkative—when he was not a most attentive listener. You would have thought that he had acquired a sudden admiration for the brilliant social qualities of Mr. Tom, and that he had never heard such good stories before.

Well, the Beresfords left about three; and that was the end of Nan's first ball. On the whole, she had every reason to be pleased. She had acquitted herself fairly well; she had gratified the soft-hearted old Admiral; she hadn't fallen in love with anybody; and she had seen a number of celebrated persons in whom she was interested. She thought she had done a kindness, too, in telling Lieutenant King beforehand of his appointment.

She was surprised, however, and a little bit annoyed, when, on the afternoon of the next day but one, her brother Tom brought in this same Frank King to five-o'clock tea. He said, with something of a blush, that he wished to tell her that her news had been true; he had heard from the Admiralty that morning, and he wished to thank her. Nan was somewhat cold in her manner; she had thought with some pride that he was not like the other gentlemen who came about the house in the afternoon. She had seen enough of them, and their idleness, and aimless flirtations, and languid airs. She had taken Frank King to be of firmer stuff, and not likely to waste his time at afternoon teas.

He was kind and polite enough, no doubt, and he distributed his attentions in the most impartial manner—even including two young lady visitors to whom he was introduced; but Nan seized an early opportunity of slipping away to her own room, where she resumed certain very serious studies that occupied her mind at this time. When she came down stairs again, Lieutenant King was gone.

On the following day her holiday ended, and she went down to Brighton. Many a time she thought of the ball, and always with a pleasurable recollection. When, however, she happened to think of Frank King—and it was seldom—it was always with a slight touch of disappointment. No doubt his leave was extended; probably he was still in town, and repeating those afternoon calls in Bruton Street. As for Nan, she honestly did not care to which train of admirers he might attach himself—whether he was to be Mary's captive or Edith's slave. But she was disappointed.

"I did think he was a little bit different from the others," she would say to herself; and then she would turn to Mr. Lockyer's last discoveries in Spectrum Analysis.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"NAN, do you see that ship out there?" said Mary Beresford.

"I saw it as I came along," said Nan. This was the afternoon on which she had fallen in with Singing Sal. Nan was rather tired after her long walk, and was not inclined to show much interest in that now lessening vessel which was slowly sinking into the dusk of the west.

"Do you know what her name is?" said Mary Beresford, still regarding her younger sister.

"No," said Nan. "I heard people say she was a man-of-war."

"That is the *Fly-by-Night*."

"Oh, indeed," said Nan, with no greater interest than before.

"And Lieutenant King has just called here," the elder sister said, pointedly.

"Oh, indeed," said Nan. "I wish I had been in. I should like to have seen him in uniform."

That was all she said—and all she thought; for now there were far more serious things than ball-rooms and young lieutenants occupying Nan's attention. She and her sisters were going abroad—she for the first time; and she was busy with foreign languages, and lives of the great painters, and catalogues, and guide-books, and dressing-cases. The world she hoped to plunge into on the following week was in her imagination composed of nothing but cathedrals and picture-galleries; and she could have wished that the picture-galleries might contain nothing but the labors of Botticelli and Andrea del Sarto. The clear ethereal beauty and tenderness of the one, the solemn thoughtfulness of the other: these were things that filled her mind with a mysterious gladness, as if something had been added to her own life. Rubens she cordially hated. Of Titian she had as yet seen hardly anything.

At last the wonderful day of setting out arrived; and Mr. Tom graciously consented to accompany his sisters as far as Newhaven. It was toward the afternoon that they started—in an open carriage, the maid on the box beside the coachman. Tom was making facetious remarks about southwest gales, and his two elder sisters were angrily remonstrating with him. Nan was silent. She had not a thought for the ships and sailors out there, or for any pensive young officer bitterly saying to himself that out of sight was out of mind; and she had forgotten for a moment all about Singing Sal and her free-and-easy ways. Nan's mind was at this time filled with Dante, and Florence, and the young Raphael, and the Doge wedding the Adriatic, and Pompeii, and Savonarola, and goodness knows what else. When they reached Newhaven—when they forced her to descend from the carriage—her eyes had a bewildered look. She had not seen Newhaven at all. She had been watching the execution of Savonarola, she standing in the middle of the great crowd in a square in Florence.

They staid the night at the hotel at Newhaven. Next morning falsified all Mr. Tom's malicious forecasts: the weather was fine, and they had a smooth passage across. In due time they reached Paris.

To Nan, Paris meant picture-galleries. The streets were new-looking, non-historical, filled with commonplace people; but in the picture-galleries she was with great names, in great times.

"Nan," her sisters remonstrated, "what *is* the use of dawdling over pictures like this? The old masters are all alike. There are plenty of Holy Families and broken-necked angels in England. Why don't you put off all this till you get back to the National Gallery?"

Fortunately Nan was the most biddable of companions. She seemed to be in dream-land. You could do what you liked with her if only you allowed her to gaze with her great eyes, and think, and be silent.

Now it is unnecessary to follow in detail the various journeyings and adventures of these three young ladies and their maid; we may pass on to a certain evening when they found themselves in Lucerne. It was an exceedingly hot evening; and after dinner the crowd in this great hotel had been glad to pour out into the spacious veranda, which was formed by a succession of arches all hanging with evergreens. There they formed little groups round the small tables, lit up by the orange glow streaming out from the windows of the hotel, some taking coffee, some smoking, all chatting idly.

"It feels like thunder," said Mary Beresford to her sister Edith. "It would be odd if we were to have a real thunder-storm just after listening to the imitation one in the cathedral."

"The *vox humana* stop is better at some things than at others," said Miss Edith, critically. "In the chanting, the boys' voices are good, and the tenor voices are good, but the bass is too musical. You hear that it is the organ. And it vibrates too much."

"They must make a good deal of money by it," said the elder sister, "in the tourist season. I am sure there were a hundred people there."

"I wish I knew the name of the piece. I should like to try one or two of the airs."

"It was considerate of them to finish up in time to let us get back for the *table d'hôte*."

"Sooner or later that organ will shake the cathedral to bits: the vibrations were fearful. I thought there was a great deal too much noise. You lose effect when you pile up the agony like that: people only want to stop their ears to prevent their heads being split."

So they chatted on. But what was it that Nan, who had accompanied them, had heard as she sat in the great, empty, dimly lit cathedral, with her hands clasped, her head bent forward on them, her eyes closed? Or, rather, what was it that she saw?—for this seemed to be a picture in music. She saw a small chapel far away up in the mountains, the trembling red rays in the windows looking strange above the snow. She heard the monks at their midnight chanting—low, and sad, and distant. And then it seemed, as she listened, as if the stars overhead were being blurred out, and a murmuring wind came down the gorge, and the air grew cold. The darkness deepened; the wind rose and moaned through the pine forests; then an angry gust swept along, so that the intoning of the monks was lost altogether. There was a rumble of distant thunder—overhead, among the unseen peaks. But still, unconscious of the threatening storm, those within the small building went on with their holy office, and there were snatches of the clear singing of boys—so faint that you could scarcely hear; and again the strong, sad, sombre voices of the men. Then the tempest broke, fierce and terrible: the elements seemed mingled together. She lost sight of the chapel in the whirling snow; the heavens rattled overhead; and the wind swept down so that the whole earth trembled. A horror of wrath and darkness has overwhelmed the world; and what of the patient choristers now? No longer are their voices heard amid the appalling fury of the hurricane; the sudden lightning flash reveals nothing in the blackness; the powers of evil have overcome; and the universe has lost its hope. But now there comes a lull; and suddenly—far away, and faint, and triumphant—rises the song of reliance and joy. The demons of the night mutter and moan; but the divine song rises clearer and more clear. It is the voice of faith, silver-toned and sweet; and the very heavens themselves seem to listen; and the thunders rumble away into the valleys; and the stars, shining, and calm, and benignant, come out again over the mountain-peaks. And lo! once more she can descry the faint red rays above the snow; and she can almost see the choristers within the little building; and she listens to the silver-clear song; and her heart is filled with a strange new gladness and trust. What must she do to keep it there forever? By what signal self-sacrifice, by what devotion of a whole lifetime, by what patient and continuous duty, shall she secure to herself this divine peace, so that the storms and terrors and trials of the world may sweep by it powerless and unregarded?

When she rose and blindly followed her sisters, she was all trembling, and there was a great lump in her throat. She was, indeed, in that half-hysterical state in which rash resolves are sometimes made that may determine the course of a human life. But Nan had the sense to know that she was in this state, and she had enough firmness of character to enable her to reason with herself. She walked, silent, with her sisters, from the cathedral to the hotel; and she was reasoning with herself all the time. She was saying to herself that she had had a glimpse, an impression, of something divinely beautiful and touching that at some time or other might influence or even determine her course of life. When that time came she could remember. But not now—*not now*. She was not going to resolve to become a Catholic, or join a sisterhood, or give herself up to the service of the poor, merely because this wonderful music had filled her heart with emotion. It was necessary that she should think of something hard and practical—something that would be the embodiment of common-sense. She would force herself to think of that. And casting about, she determined to think—about Singing Sal.

It was rather hard upon Sal, who had a touch of vanity, and was quite conscious of what she deemed the romantic side of her way of life, that she should be taken as the sort of incarnation of the prosaic. Nevertheless, all through that *table-d'hôte* dinner, Nan kept to her self-imposed task, and was busying herself about the wages of the coast-guardsmen, and the probable cost of mackerel, and the chances of Sal's having to face a westerly squall of wind and rain when she was breasting the steep hill rising from Newhaven. Was Sal singing that night before the Old Ship? Or was she in the little *cul-de-sac* near the Town-hall where the public-house was that the fishermen called in at on their way home? Nan was apparently dining at the *table d'hôte* of a hotel in Lucerne; but in reality she spent that evening in Brighton.

And she was still thinking of Brighton when, as has been related, there was a migration from the dining saloon to the veranda outside; so that she did not hear much of what her sisters were saying.

"We are certainly going to have a real thunder-storm after the imitation one," Miss Beresford repeated. "Do you hear that?"

There was a low rumble of thunder; likewise some pattering of rain-drops on the leaves outside.

"It won't be half as fine, though," said the musical sister.

There was a sudden white flash of light that revealed in a surprising manner the sharp outline of Pilatus; then darkness and a crashing peal of thunder. The rain began to pour, and some passers-by took shelter under the densely foliaged trees fronting the gravelled terrace of the hotel. The light that came through the tall windows fell on those dark figures; but dimly.

Nan had been thinking so much of Brighton, and Sal, and the downs, and ships and sailors, that when this orange glow fell on a gentleman whom she thought she recognized as Lieutenant Frank King, she was scarcely astonished. She looked hard through the dusk; yes, surely it was he.

"Mary," she said, but without any great interest, "isn't that Lieutenant King standing by that furthest tree?"

The eldest sister also peered through the obscurity.

"Well, yes, it is. What an extraordinary thing! Oh, I remember, he said he was going abroad. But what a curious coincidence! Why don't you go and speak to him, Nan?"

"Why should I go and speak to him?" said Nan. "I should only get wet."

"What can have brought him here?" said Edith.

"Not his ship, at all events," said Mary Beresford, smartly. "It's only Shakspeare who can create sea-ports inland."

"You ought to know better than that," said Nan, with some asperity, for she was very valiant in protecting her intellectual heroes against the attacks of a flippant criticism. "You ought to know that at one time the kingdom of Bohemia had sea-ports on the Adriatic: every school-girl knows that nowadays."

"They didn't when I was at school," said Mary Beresford. "But aren't you going to speak to Lieutenant King, Nan?"

"Oh, he won't want to be bothered with a lot of girls," said Nan; and she refused to stir.

A few seconds thereafter, though there was still an occasional flash of lightning, the rain slackened somewhat; and the young lieutenant, who was clad in a travelling suit of gray, by-the-way, and looked remarkably like the other young Englishmen loitering about the front of the hotel, emerged from his shelter, shook the rain-drops from his sleeves, and passed on into the dark.

The very next morning the Beresfords left Lucerne for Zürich. They staid there three days—Nan busy all the time in teaching herself how to propel a boat with two oars, her face to the bow; and she liked to practice most in moonlight. Then they left Zürich one afternoon, and made their way southward into the mountainous region adjacent to the sombre Wallen-See. The stormy sunset deepened and died out; rain, rain, rain pursued them all the way to Chur. They got to their hotel there in an omnibus that jolted through the mud and the darkness.

But next morning, when Nan Beresford went to the window of the little sitting-room and looked abroad, she uttered a cry of surprise, that was also meant as a call to wake her sleeping sisters. She stepped out on to a wooden balcony, and found herself poised high above the flooded river that was roaring down its channel, while in front of her was the most vivid and brilliant of pictures, the background formed by a vast semicircle of hills. She had it all to herself on this lovely morning—the fresh air and sunlight; the plunging river below; the terraced gardens on the opposite bank; over that again, the tumbled-about collection of gleaming white houses, and green casements, and red roofs, and old towers and belfries; and then, higher still, and inclosing, as it were, the picturesque little town, the great ethereal amphitheatre of pale blue mountains, with here and there a sprinkling of snow glittering sharply, as if it were quite close at hand. How fresh and cold the morning air was, after the sultry atmosphere of the lakes! How beautiful the snow was! Nan did not like to be alone. She wished to share her delight with some one. "Edith! Edith!" she called. There was no answer.

Suddenly she found she was no longer the solitary possessor of this brilliant little picture. Happening to turn her head somewhat, she perceived some one coming across the bridge, and after a minute's surprise and doubt and astonishment, she convinced herself that the stranger was no other than Frank King. The discovery startled her. This time it could be no mere coincidence. Surely he was following them. Could it be possible that he had come with bad news from Brighton?

She did not stay to waken her sisters. She hastily put on her hat, and went down stairs; and the first person she saw was Lieutenant King himself, who was calmly looking over the list of arrivals.

CHAPTER VII.

AUF DER REISE.

THE frank, clear, dark blue eyes of this young lieutenant were expressive enough; they said a good deal more than he did, when he happened to turn and catch sight of her. He, indeed, was surprised and embarrassed; it was only his eyes that dared to say, "Oh, how glad I am to have found you!"

"You have no bad news?" she said, quickly. "There is no one ill at Brighton?"

"Oh no," he said, wondering.

Relieved from her sudden fear, she paused, as it were, to take breath. Her first thought was that her hair was far from being properly dressed. Her next, that it was annoying to find the commanding officer of one of her Majesty's vessels lounging about the Continent like an ordinary tourist. But even in this costume she had to admit to herself that he looked handsome and clever and distinguished; moreover, he was so clearly glad to see her that she must needs be civil.

"I saw you at Lucerne—for a moment," she said. "And when I saw you again just now, from the window, I thought you might have a message for us."

"Oh no," he said. "But I—I half expected to meet you somewhere. Your sister said you were going over the Splügen Pass."

"But what have you done with your ship?" she asked, still regarding that tourist costume with disapproval.

"I am my own master now," he said; "I can take my leave any time of the year I like; and of course just now all one's friends are on the Continent, and—and a sailor has so few chances of making friends that he doesn't like to lose them—"

"Then you are with a party?" she said, in her downright way.

"No," said he, rather confusedly. "I—I am alone, as it happens. I thought I should like to have a short time in Italy. You see, I have never been over one of the passes, and they say the Splügen is very fine."

"Oh, you are going over the Splügen?" she said, with wide eyes.

"Yes," he said, unblushingly. "I suppose you and your sisters will be starting from here to-morrow or next day?"

"We start this morning at half past ten," said Nan.

"How very odd!" he exclaimed. "I have got

the chance of a return-carriage that also leaves this morning."

"I thought gentlemen walked," said Nan, severely, "when they wished to see mountain scenery."

"When they have time, I suppose they do," he answered. "But I have only a few days. I must get back to my ship."

"I can't understand yet how you have left her," said Nan. "I thought you would take such a pride in your own ship. And what need have you of miscellaneous friends, when you have your brother officers?"

"Ward-room talk is apt to become monotonous. Besides, the *Fly-by-Night* is in dock just now, and I needn't get back until the repairs are done."

"Well," said Nan, who hoped she had not been rude, "the Splügen Pass doesn't belong to me, and I have no right to object to your crossing."

"Well, that is very kind of you," said he, laughing. And then he said, more seriously: "But don't think I am likely to take any offense, Miss Beresford. I see quite clearly what you mean; and it is very kind of you to take any interest in the—in the ship. And I wish you would let me send you a photograph of her; they say it is very well done: it is so difficult, don't you know—"

It seemed to Nan that this young man was going to stand there talking to her forever; and she knew that his eyes, which were extremely keen and observant, were regarding her dishevelled hair. At the best of times, order and smoothness had never been the strong points of what a Brighton youth had on one occasion irreverently termed her wig. She remembered that boy and his insolent phrase at this very moment. "Hallo, ginger! where did you buy your wig?" he had called out. She wished she had taken a minute to consider before rushing down stairs.

"Will you come and see my sisters after breakfast?" she said, with a wild effort to get away.

But no; he continued to talk, in a gentle, familiar, submissive way, as if he had known her a very long time, and yet did not like to presume on the intimacy. And he talked about a good many things (it was as yet not eight o'clock, and there was scarcely any one about), though he generally came round to suggesting that there were certain favored people in the world whose fineness of character was easily apparent. And he said that you ought not to lose the chance of securing the friendship of such rare mortals: it would be one of the joys of life. To be thought well of by people such as they, whose approval was worth something; to be remembered in absence; to know there were some people not fickle, trivial, or insincere. . . . In short, he talked about everything and nothing, apparently for the sole purpose of detaining her, and Nan knew that all the time he was looking at those wisps and rings of unbridled hair.

"Good-by for the present," she said, holding out her hand.

He held her hand for a second—inadvertently, it seemed.

"I shall come round about half past nine to see your sisters. It was excessively kind of you to come down: I might have missed you again, as I missed you at Lucerne."

"Oh, well," she said, in the most matter-of-fact way, "I thought it might be more than an accident. Good-by."

Nan found that her sisters had got up, and were nearly ready to come down stairs, so that she must have been kept talking there for a considerable time. At breakfast she remarked casually that Lieutenant King was in Chur, and that he was also thinking of setting out for Splügen that morning. Edith, the Beauty, opened her brown eyes very wide; Mary, the eldest sister, began to ask a few questions. Presently the latter laughed, in her cold way.

"It is rather audacious," she said. "What are we to do with him?"

"We have nothing whatever to do with him," said Nan, somewhat hotly.

"It will be very nice," said Edith, "if there is a *table d'hôte* in the evening. And if we were to get into trouble with the driver, it would be useful to have a man near to use bad language."

"Well, we sha'n't see much of him on the way," remarked Miss Beresford. "We have four horses; of course he will only have two."

"I don't know," said Edith. "You may be sure he doesn't live on his lieutenant's pay. Mamma says the Kings of Kingscourt are very rich."

"They say the elder brother has gone fearfully to the bad," said Miss Beresford, in a lower voice. "The old people are very proud of this one, and the way he has got on in his profession."

"Well," said Edith, "he is very good-looking, at all events. I hope he will come and make up a little party at the *table d'hôte*; it will be an amusement. Very good-looking, I call him. It must be his eyes. They are very extraordinary, to be so clear and yet so dark in the blue: I never saw eyes like that before."

At half past nine Frank King called, and was very kindly and gravely received by the two elder girls. But he made no pretense of being there by accident. He said he had remembered Miss Beresford's telling him that they were to cross the Splügen into Italy; and as he was quite alone, he thought he would choose the same route, on the chance of running across them somewhere. And they would see something of each other on the road. It was true he had only two horses, and doubtless they had four; but the return-carriage he had hired was a light little thing, and he had scarcely any luggage; and no doubt he would meet them again at lunch. Did they propose to lunch at Thusis? It was at Thusis they proposed to lunch. He should most likely see them at Thusis; meantime he would only say *au revoir*.

So, in due course, the great old-fashioned chariot was brought round, the four horses shaking their heads and jangling their bells; and the luggage of the girls, which was considerable, was corded on behind; and the maid got on the box; and then the girls themselves appeared and took their places; and the landlord bowed and took off his hat; and the driver cracked an enormous whip; and away they went from Chur along the level river valley, by the perpetual maize fields, under the gray-scarred mountains. It was a changeable, doubtful-looking day, with gleams of sunlight, and sudden darkenings over of rain-cloud; but the rapid motion of the comfortable old carriage kept them merry enough. Further and further into the mysterious mountain-land they went; rattling through small towns with violently colored frescoes on the walls; swinging along the valley road, with always the turbid rushing river below; passing innumerable ruined towers perched on precipitous crags; and generally wondering when the serious business of climbing the Alps was to begin. The mountains had grown grander now; and there were snow-slopes gleaming afar in the wan sunlight. It was not a settled sort of sunlight at all. Just as they entered Thusis they were caught by a smart shower, and were glad to take refuge in the inn.

Now Miss Beresford had only finished ordering luncheon—which she did in excellent German, of a clear, hard, Hanoverian kind—when in walked Frank King, very pleased to rejoin them, apparently quite delighted with the rain, and plainly anxious to be allowed to join their table.

"We are in for a bad afternoon," said he. And then he added, in an off-hand way, "Does your maid speak German, Miss Beresford?"

"Parsons speaks nothing but English," said Miss Beresford.

"And that indifferently," added Nan.

"Oh! Because, you see, it will be uncommonly hard for her to be sitting there till evening, not speaking a word, and facing pelting rain all the time."

"She can come in beside us," said Nan, promptly.

"I was going to suggest," said he, in the same off-hand fashion, "that—I only mean if it rains—if it rains, I was going to suggest, don't you see, that she could have my trap, if she chose, and then—then, if you wouldn't mind giving me a seat in your carriage, which has plenty of room, I should think—"

"It is rather a roundabout way out of the difficulty," said Miss Beresford, laughing. "But we shall be very pleased if you will come into our carriage—if it rains."

And it did. It was through streaming window-panes that they beheld the gloomy gorge of the Via Mala, with the pine-clad mountains rising sheer overhead, and far below the thundering of the Rhine along the narrow and twisting chasm. It was but vaguely that they knew of the wonderful tunnels through the rocks, and the overhanging precipices, and the rich-colored dripping autumn foliage, and the hideous declivities that went down to the roaring and swollen torrent.

When the carriage stopped, they were quite surprised. Splügen already? And where was the inn? Frank King sprung out, and found himself in a sort of big square, with the rain pelting down, and the building opposite him apparently closed. But presently a man appeared with a lantern, who informed him that they could have beds certainly, but in the *dépendance*, as the hotel was overcrowded. Then the gentleman with the lantern disappeared.

It was fortunate, indeed, for these young ladies that they had a male protector and champion with them; for the bad weather had detained many people; the hotel was crammed full; and as this was the *table-d'hôte* hour, the landlord and all his staff—with every disposition in the world to be obliging—were at their wits' end. Every one was wanted in the dining-chamber: how could any one look after the new arrivals, or show them their rooms on the other side of the square, or attend to their luggage? Now it was that this young sailor began to show a touch of authority. First of all he got the young ladies to descend, and bundled them into the little reading-room: that was clearing the decks for action. The last they saw of him was that he had seized a man by the collar, and was quietly but firmly taking him to the door, addressing him the while in an extraordinary mixture of French and German concerning luggage, and rooms, and the necessity of a lantern to show people across the square. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, dripping wet.

"Well, that's all settled," he said, cheerfully, as he dried his face with his handkerchief. "I've seen the rooms—very big, and bare, and cold; but the best they have. And I've left Miss Parsons in the kitchen, tearing her hair over some things that have got wet. And I've got four places at the *table d'hôte*, which is going on. Now if you wish to go and see your rooms and dress for dinner, there is a little girl waiting with a lantern; or if you prefer going in to the *table d'hôte* at once—"

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Beresford. "Let us take it when we can get it. They won't mind us going in as we are. We all look respectable enough, if it wasn't for Nan's hair: she must have been asleep."

"At all events, you will find it warm in here," said he, leading the way, "and that's something. The bedrooms will make you shiver; they look like a jail; you must remember you are up some height now."

So crowded and busy was the modest little Speisesaal that they entered quite unnoticed, and found themselves relegated to a small side table at the upper end of the room. It was a most comfortable and excellent arrangement, and the pleasant good-humor that had prevailed throughout the afternoon did not desert them now. Even Nan began to make little jokes—in her quiet way; and as for Lieutenant Frank King, he was so particularly civil to everybody that the landlord himself went away to get the wine he had ordered.

"One thing is certain," said Frank King. "We are in a capital position for raking that dinner table from end to end with criticism. Look at the big man in the middle. Did you ever see anybody so pompous, and stilted, and portentous? He never speaks. I believe he must be first cousin to the Sphinx."

"He is only the centre of gravity—every dinner table should have that, you know," said Nan, shyly.

He gave her a quick look, and said:

"Do you know, Miss Anne, you have made a great discovery? You have discovered the *raison d'être* of stupid people."

"Have I?" said Nan, with a laugh. "Then I must be first cousin to M. Jourdain."

"They are the ballast of the social ship, don't you see," he said, eagerly. "You can't sail a ship without ballast; and without the weight of the stupid people the feather-headed people—the topsail-headed people—would tear everything out of her and send her flying. And so you want a good substantial centre of gravity at a dinner table, as you say; a solid root for lighter things to branch from; a buffer coming between the electric sparks—"

"I am afraid we are getting a little bit mixed," said Mary Beresford, with her cold smile.

"I wish, Lieutenant King," said Edith, who was just a trifle annoyed, "that you would begin and talk to Nan about logarithms and co-sines and triangles and things like that. She crushes us, because we don't know. Now we should like to see her found out."

"I am too wise to try anything of the kind," said Frank King, laughing. "It might be the other way round. It is more likely that Miss Nan would find me out."

So they chatted; and the evening passed cheerfully and pleasantly; and they retired to rest early, for they had to start betimes in the morning. Already Lieutenant Frank King seemed quite to belong to the party; it was the most natural thing in the world that he should sit at the same table and order things for them. And no one noticed—he did not notice it himself—that he had advanced from "Miss Anne" to "Miss Nan." Perhaps he would soon drop the "miss" altogether!

CHAPTER VIII.

SNOW AND MIST AND SUNLIGHT.

THE desolation of that next morning! A wonder of snow outside the windows—the large dark flakes slowly, noiselessly passing the panes; snow on the open space fronting the great gaunt hostelry; snow on the small spire of the church; and snow on the far reaches of the hills, retreating up there into the gray mists, where every pine-tree was a sharp black thing on the broad expanse of white. The girls were greatly downcast. They had their breakfast brought to them in the big, cold room; they took it hurriedly, with scarcely a word. They saw Parsons rushing across the square; when she came in, there were flakes of snow in her hair, and her fingers were blue with cold.

"The English go abroad for pleasure," said Edith, with sarcasm.

By-and-by they heard the jingle of the bells outside, and on going below they found Frank King in the doorway, incased from head to foot in an Ulster.

"This is indeed luck—this is great luck," said he, blithely.

"Luck, do you call it?" said Edith Beresford.

"Certainly," said he. "The first snow of the year. Most opportune. Of course you must see the Splügen Pass in snow."

"We sha'n't see anything," said Edith, in gloom.

"Never mind," said Miss Beresford, good-naturedly; "we shall have crossed the Alps in a snow-storm, and that sounds well. And I dare say we shall amuse ourselves somehow. Do you feel inclined to give up your carriage to-day again?"

She had turned to Frank King. There was a smile on her face; for she guessed that it was no great sacrifice on his part. Moreover, she had enjoyed that drive the day before; the presence of a fourth person broke the monotony of the talking of three girls together. It is needless to add that Frank King eagerly welcomed her proposal, and in due course the two carriages drove away from the big bare hostelry to enter the unknown mountain world.

A strange world they found it, when once they had left the level of the little valley, and begun to climb the steep and twisting road cut on the face of the mountain. The aspect of things changed every few minutes, as the rolling mists slowly blotted out this or that portion of the landscape, or settled down so close that they could see nothing but the wet snow in the road, and the black-stemmed pines beyond, with their green branches stretching out toward them through the pall of cloud. Then sometimes they would look down into extraordinary gulfs of mist; extraordinary because, far below them, they would find the top of a fir-tree, the branches laden with snow, the tree itself apparently resting on nothing—floating in mid-air. It was a phantasmal world altogether; the most cheerful feature of it being that at last the snow had ceased to fall.

This decided Nan to get out for a walk.

"You will be wet through," her eldest sister exclaimed.

"My boots are thick," said Nan, "and Parsons has my water-proof."

When she had got down and disappeared, Miss Beresford said:

"She is a strange girl. She always wants to be alone."

"She seems to think a great deal, and she always thinks in her own way," said Frank King. "No doubt she prefers to be alone; but—but don't you think I ought to get out and see that she is all right?"

"There are no brigands in these mountains, are there?" said Miss Beresford, laughing.

"And she can't lose her way," said the more serious Edith, "unless she were to fall over the side."

"I think I will get out," he said; and he called to the driver.

He found that Nan was already some way ahead—or, rather, overhead; but he soon overtook her. She was startled when she saw him, for the snow had deadened the sound of his approach.

"I believe it will clear soon," he said, at a venture.

"It is altogether very strange," Nan said, in something of a lower voice. "The fir-trees laden with snow like that; the cold, the gloom: it looks like some by-gone Christmas come back suddenly. It is strange to find yourself in another part of the year: yesterday, summer; to-day, winter. I should not be surprised to meet a cart filled with holly, or to hear the bells ringing for morning service."

"You know there are people who never see winter," said he. "I wonder what it feels like when you move from place to place, so as to live in a perpetual spring and summer?"

"I don't think it can be the real spring," she said, after a second. "The summer, I suppose, is the same everywhere; it hasn't the newness and the strangeness of the spring. Wouldn't it be a nice thing, now, to be able to take some poor English lady who has been compelled to live all the early months of each year in the South, among hot-house sort of things, and just to show her for a minute a little English village in the real spring-time, such as she must have known when she was a girl, with the daffodils in the cottage gardens, and the young leaves on the elm and the hawthorn? And perhaps a lark would be singing high up; and there might be a scent of wall-flower; and the children coming home with daisy wreaths. She would cry, perhaps; but she would like it better than the hot-house flowers and the Riviera. There are some things that have a wonderful way of bringing back old memories: the first smell of wall-flower in the spring is one; and the first fall of snow in the winter. And there's an old-fashioned kind of musky smell, too, that always means Sunday clothes, and a tall pew, and a village choir."

"But you seem to have a strong faculty of association," said young Frank King, who was far more interested in Nan than in musk.

"I don't know," she said, carelessly. "I don't study myself much. But I know I have a strong bump of locality—isn't that what they call it? I wish I had been born in a splendid place. I wish I had been born among great mountains, or amongst remote sea islands, or even beautiful lake scenery; and I know I should have loved my native place passionately, and yearned for it; and I should have thought it was the most beautiful place in the world—especially when I was away from it—for that's the usual way. But when you are born in London and live in Brighton, you can't make much out of that."

Then she added, with some compunction:

"Not but that I am very fond of the south coast. I know it so well; and of course you get fond of anything that you are very intimate with, especially if other people don't know much about it. And there is far more solitariness about the south coast than the people imagine who come down to the Bedford Hotel for a week."

"You are a great walker, are you not?" he said.

"Oh no; but I walk a good deal."

"And always alone?"

"Generally. It is very seldom I have a companion. Do you know Singing Sal?"

"Singing Sal? No. How should I? Who is she?"

"A kind of tramping musician," said Nan, with a grave smile. "She is a friend of the fishermen and coast-guardsmen and sailors down there; I dare say some of your men must have heard of her. She is a good-looking woman, and very pleasant in her manner; and quite intelligent. I have seen her very often; but I never made her acquaintance till the week before last."

"Her acquaintance!"

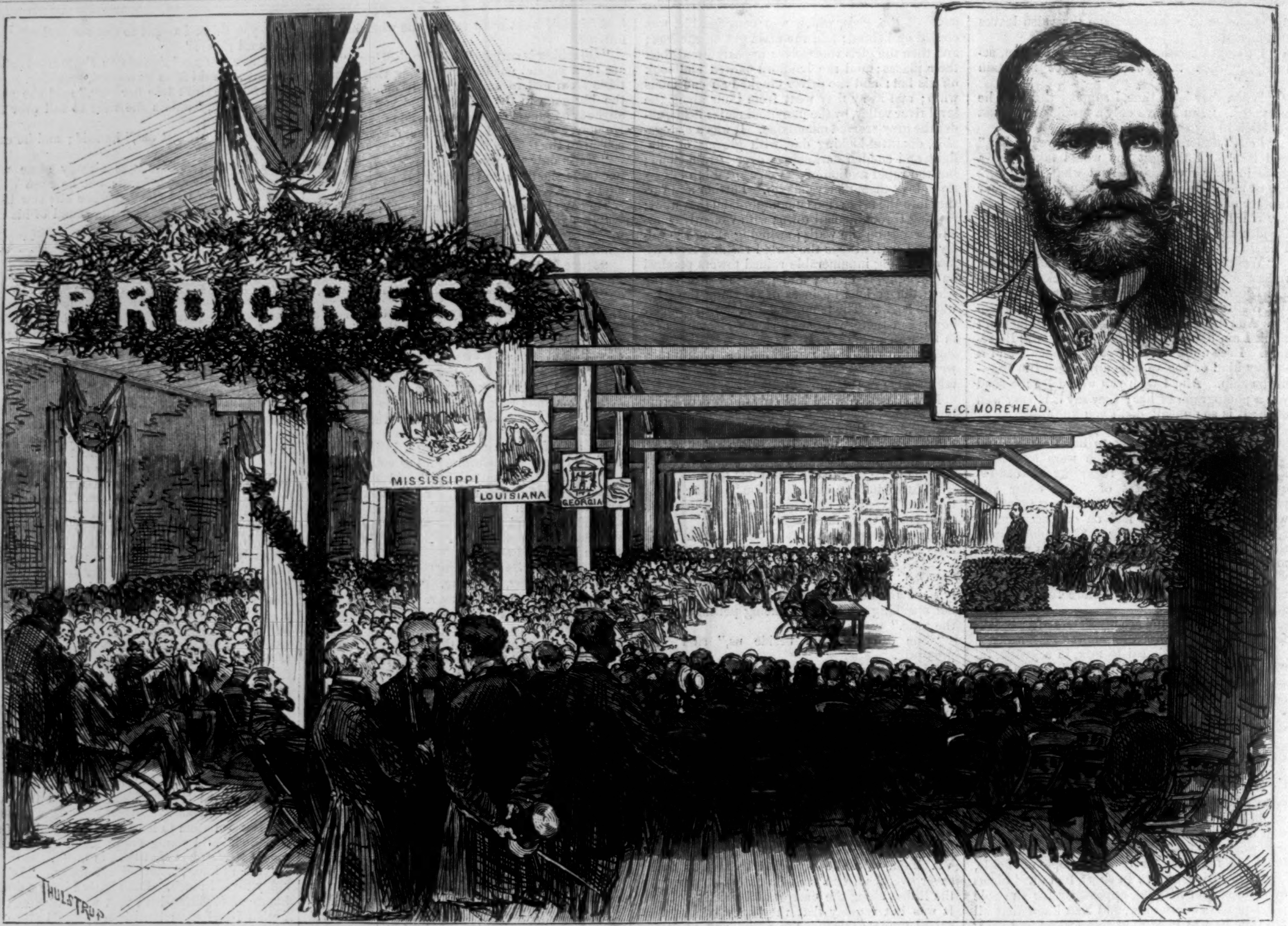
"Yes," said Nan, simply. "And I mean to renew it when I get back, if mamma will let me. Singing Sal knows far more about the coast than I do, and I want to learn more. . . . Oh, look!"

Both of them had been for some time aware of a vague luminousness surrounding them, as if the sun wanted to get through the masses of vapor; but at this moment she, happening to turn her head, found that the wind had in one direction swept away the mist, and behold! far away in the valley beneath them, they could see the village of Splügen, shining quite yellow in the sunlight. Then the clouds slowly closed over the golden little picture, and they turned and walked on. But in front of them, overhead, the wind was still at work; and there were threads of keen blue now appearing over the twisting vapors. Things began to be more cheerful. Both the carriages behind had been thrown open. Nan's face looked pink, after one's eyes had got so used to the whiteness of the snow.

"I suppose there are no people so warmly attached to their country as the Swiss are," she said (she was not ordinarily a chatter-box, but the cold, keen air seemed to have vivified her). "I am very glad the big thieves of the world left Switzerland alone. It would have been a shame to steal this little bit from so brave a people. Do you know the song of the Swiss soldier in the trenches at Strasburg? I think it is one of the most pathetic songs in the world."

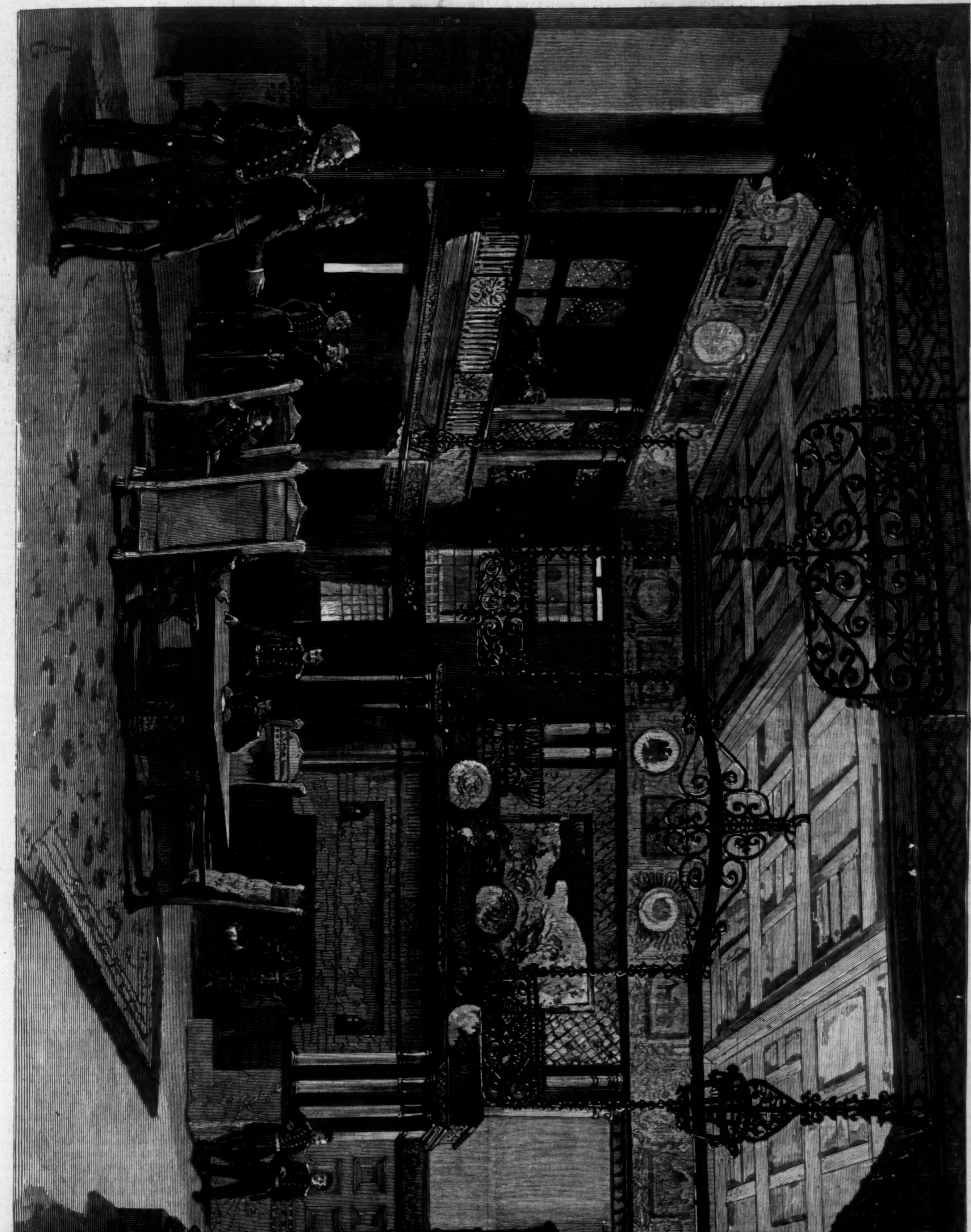
"No, I don't," he said. How delighted he was to let her ramble on in this way, revealing the clear, beautiful soul, as Singing Sal might have thought!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CONVENTION OF COTTON PLANTERS, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—From a Sketch by Frederick T. Anderson.—[See Page 415.]

THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—From a Photograph by Robert Benecke.—[See Page 414.]



THE VETERANS' ROOM, SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 414.]

THE VETERANS' ROOM.

THE Seventh Regiment, National Guard, State of New York, has many claims to distinction, and not the least of them is the confidence and pride of the metropolis which have provided those gallant men with the most commodious and convenient armory ever occupied by a body of citizen soldiery. By far the most notable apartment in that magnificent building is the Veteran's Room, a representation of which is given in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, the notableness consisting in the character of the decorations designed and applied by Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY and his associate artists. It is little to say of this extraordinary room that its like is not to be seen elsewhere in this country or in any other country, and that no person of taste who enters it can fail to be impressed by its singular and appropriate beauty. The problem was to decorate a room that belongs to the veteran members of the regiment—the men who, having served the period of five years prescribed by law, have received an honorable discharge: to decorate it in a fashion that art would pronounce fit and that soldiers would feel to be fine. Of course it would have been easy enough to solve the problem in the spirit of approved conventionalism, adorning the walls and pillars with military dress, arms, trappings, and equipage, or with pictures of them; but the spirit of the artist who had the business in charge took a higher range, and concerned itself with the poetry and the potency of symbolism. "Iron," he said to himself, "is the principal implement of warfare, and one of the most nearly universal and most extensively distributed of metals. Oak is one of the hardest, toughest, and most durable of woods; it was sacred to Jupiter, and garlands of oak leaves, in classic days, were bestowed upon those who had saved the lives of citizens in battle." Iron and oak accordingly furnished him with his chief materials. All around the room—about forty by forty-five feet—he built a wainscoting of oak higher than the oaken doors themselves, inserting sunken panels of iron, securely held by bolts, and adorned with flecks of real rust. The floor is oak, the mantel is oak, the centre table is oak, the huge armchairs are oak, and the ceiling is crossed by beams of oak on which appear the traces of the lumberman's axe. Sitting in front of the ample fire-place, the veteran looks upon a large iron crane that supports copper kettles, while above him are immense candelabra of hammered iron, the artist himself having shown the blacksmith how to hammer them out, after Venetian designs of the fourteenth century, and also after designs of his own. There is nothing "nice" about this iron-work; in harmony with most of the equipment of the rest of the room, it is sternly rude and simple. As the smoke twists itself above the fire, the veteran's fancies follow it, suggesting vague reminiscences of war, and stimulated by the representation of an eagle and a sea-dragon in conflict—a large sculptural relief on the chimney breast, modelled in plaster and in clinkers, and set in a frame of iron. The frieze above it extends around the room, and tells the pictorial story of the various arms used by Greeks and barbarians, heathens and Christians, from the earliest ages to the present day: Indians of North America, Mexicans, Egyptians, Assyrians, East Indians, Chinamen, Japanese, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Moors, Turks, Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, and men of the Seventh Regiment appear in succession, using the weapons of ancient, mediæval, or modern times. The scenes, painted on canvas four feet deep, reflect the research and the handiwork of Messrs. JEWELL and MILLET, Mr. TIFFANY'S assistants, who did not forget that their task was decorative, and that they were not painting Academy pictures.

The walls above the wainscoting are covered with green paper, stencilled in silver and bronze. The pillars that support the ceiling are wound tight with partly rusted iron chains, the effect of which is striking in the extreme. The squares between the cross-beams of the ceiling are stencilled on plaster, glistening, like the walls, with metallic lustres. As the wainscoting crosses the lower part of the windows it is pierced to receive the light, and in these openings are inserted thick, rough-cut pieces of colored glass of various most brilliant tints, which fascinate the spectator. The windows themselves are of colored glass, but very simply treated. Had Mr. TIFFANY been allowed money enough to repeat some of the artistic triumphs of the glass windows recently made by him for a suburban church, the general result would have been greatly enhanced. Some day, perhaps, the veterans will feel able to give the artist a commission for a worthy set of windows.

A recess in the northwest corner of the room has been made to serve a pleasant purpose. Mr. STANFORD WHITE, an architect known to New-Yorkers by his collaboration with Mr. ST. GAUDENS in designing the pedestal for the FARRAGUT monument in Madison Square, has constructed a balcony, the circular stairway entrance to which is screened by closely set oak spindles and bosses, very much after the manner of the screened windows of the women's quarters in an Oriental palace. It has been said that this pretty piece of Orientalism is foreign to the severe character of the decoration as a whole, and does not belong there. But the veteran whom we left sitting by the fireplace and dreaming of war has only to turn his eyes to the left in order to engage his thoughts with some of the rewards of peace. If none but the brave deserve the fair, surely he deserves them. The plush *portières* were designed by Mrs. C. WHEELER, whose genius for color in textile fabrics is seen in the drop-curtain of the Madison Square Theatre, and in some of the hangings of the Union League Club Building.

ST. LOUIS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

A VIEW of this structure will interest the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The best people of St. Louis recently met to dedicate the building to the high uses of art. It was a rare service, alike impressive by its simple grace and thorough earnestness. It was the bestowal of a magnificent gift, rich with the promise and fruitage of future years, by WAYMAN CROW, for the use and benefit of the people forever.

One of the most cultivated, honorable, and successful merchants of St. Louis, and long known as a generous patron of art, WAYMAN CROW fills the measure of completeness to a well-rounded life by this crowning act of noble munificence, and will win the grateful remembrance of the vast throngs of people who shall tread the streets of St. Louis long after his foot-falls shall have ceased to echo there.

The building, itself a product of high art, was designed by the eminent architects PEABODY & STEARNS, of Boston. It is situated in the centre of the city, one mile from the river, on Lucas Place and Nineteenth Street, extending north to St. Charles Street. Its front is 138 feet wide and 74 feet high, constructed of hard limestone of the color of granite, with cut sandstone of a darker hue for its projections and copings. The façade is ornamented with artistic designs, while over the broad entrance three colossal heads of RAPHAEL, MICHAEL ANGELO, and PHIDIAS, by HOWARD KRETCHMAR, of pronounced excellence, are placed in alcoves in the front wall. The roof, artistically covered with red tile and glass, with ornamentations on the apex, gives an admirable finish to the front. The curving flight of granite steps, 36 feet wide at the base, narrow symmetrically to 24 feet at the entrance. The depth of the front is 48 feet, and the extension is 76 by 88 feet. The architecture is Italian. The doorways are 15 feet wide, and the lofty doors of solid oak strengthen the idea, everywhere suggested, of durability. The vestibule is 26 by 56 feet deep. The supporting columns of the upper floors are so arranged as to give a fine effect in the vestibule. Broad carved stairways of solid oak on each side lead to the galleries of paintings above, which now are hung full with a rare collection, among them a TURNER, and MARATTI'S Madonna and Child, and many fine pictures of the French school. The galleries below show a collection already made of choice marbles and casts from the antique potteries. The magnificent exhibition of paintings is made up from rare and costly collections, contributed by the citizens of St. Louis. The statuary has been purchased and collected in Europe by Professor IVES, the result of several visits to the Continent.

There is no paint upon the wood-work nor graining to deface the building, and hide beneath a daub the better forms of nature. Hard woods, oak, and black walnut prevail, and add great beauty to the interior finish. Two entrances open from the vestibule into Memorial Hall, so named in memory of a son of Mr. CROW, who died beyond the ocean. The hall is of the form of an amphitheatre, and seats some seven hundred. It is finished with a black-walnut wainscoting for 15 feet from the base. The walls are in Pompeiian red, the pillars and ceilings of various but blending colors. The entire wood-work is made of polished black walnut. The halls and vestibule are also colored and frescoed in the beautiful Greek style, adding grace of outline to simplicity of design. The galleries are lighted from the roof, and light and shade are nicely adjusted to secure the best effects. Over Memorial Hall are four fine studios 18 by 38 feet, lighted from the north by windows 9 by 14 feet, and can by archways be thrown together upon need. In the basement of the building, which is lighted by full windows, are lecture and work rooms for classes of the Art School, started six years ago by Director HALSEY C. IVES, aided by his accomplished assistants, GUTHERZ, KRETCHMAR, HARNEY, ENGLER, and FRYE.

Professor IVES'S persistent good work, his inspiration, and unmixed earnestness of purpose, added to his theory of thorough elementary training as the only basis of future excellence, have wrought wonderful results in what was not a promising field of labor. The school had ignorance, prejudice, and conservatism to combat. Men without culture, but strong in business capacity, build our Western cities. They came here to make money. But wealth acquired, and fine residences and splendid stores erected, and foreign travel began to have its influence. The change in the last ten years is remarkable. A hundred paintings of merit and large value stand to-day where there were not ten a few years ago. The influence of culture and criticism is apparent. Diligent art students are doing work full of promise, and art has a social and commercial value it never had before.

The Art School began with eighteen scholars in 1875; the number instructed in the present year is 450. It was easy for Professor IVES to have had a larger following had he lowered the standard to those who desired to win only a superficial knowledge. It is astonishing to see how many who have talent deceive themselves with the delusive hope that excellence can be gained by some short-cut to eminence without patient toil. The object of art culture is not merely to produce or gratify a refined taste in the study or creation of the beautiful; it has an industrial value of the greatest importance.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

GYPSYING DAY.

BUT that happened late. At present, he belonged to the Rechabites, for at least twenty minutes, in spite of all the ladies coming up to him with glasses. But when he saw a cork go up, like the rising of a lark into the sky, Farmer Crany said: "A' must be zunthin' undernathe 'un. I winder if a' wud make me go up." And his interest in the subject was not confined to wonder. Therefore the whole thing was a great success. Without taking anything to raise their color, the ladies were refreshed into a finer peace of mind, and the gentlemen took heart and tried to please them. And in excellent spirits they all set off to see the great spectacle now prepared. For the river running under Fingle Bridge was ruddy with more than legendary slaughter, or muddy perhaps with the stir of many "navvies." Miss Arthur, inheriting some little share of her father's love of solitude, and as yet unaccustomed to wine and noise, had been wandering in the wood, while the luncheon went on, with a quiet young lady whose acquaintance she had made, and even Jack Westcombe had failed to find her. But now she came down to see what was going on, for fear of being thought rude and odd. At once Miss Perperaps, who had been doing particularly well among the bottles, ran up and embraced and scolded and fed her, and turned away the other young lady, and led her to behold the engineering feat.

Alas! the poor Teign, like the Achelous, or the river that offended Cyrus, had been turned out of its ancient bed for nearly a quarter of a mile. At the head of a long loop a dam had been piled, while a channel was cut into the bed; the dastardly water, perpetually laboring to degrade itself most rapidly, rushed down the new cut, and deserted the old, with all the bosom-friends enshrined in it. These, in their honest faith, never could believe that the sweethearts of childhood would betray them, and they said to one another, as the banks went up, and their own swimming-places seemed to go down very low, that here must be a new form of drought, beginning with dreadfully muddy water. But the elderly trout were not satisfied with this; they knew that the world is full of angles, and they hurried up and down to know the meaning of it all. Unluckily for them, they added nothing to their wisdom: if they went down stream, John Sage stopped them, with all his descendants wading gladly; if they darted up stream, things were worse, for thick legs in worsted stockings were puddling all the water. Therefore they assembled in their pools to think about it. And this was as stupid a thing as they could do.

Men are so prone to think about themselves only, and from a higher view endowed so largely with contempt of what other beings think of them, that scarcely more than two minds of all the many present dwelt with any feeling on this outrage to the fish. Mr. Short was shocked, and so was John Westcombe, from that love of fair play which is bred of manly sport, and these two would not even go to see what happened, neither would they taste a fish thus murdered. Rose Arthur also thought it a cruel piece of business, but Spotty was in ecstasy, and dragged her on to look at it.

To describe such a villainous slaughter of trout would be almost as bad as to share in it. Enough, and more than enough, to say that these poaching scamps got as much as they could carry, with two strong donkeys to help them, and the only piece of luck was that Canon Botrys, in his greed for stewed eel, got his thumb bitten through by a patriarch of that nimble race; and his circulation being somewhat thick, congestion ensued, and he was put upon gruel, without even a spoonful of crusted port to flavor it, until the following October. Sir Joseph Touchwood heard of it, and was truly thankful.

But for the others there was vengeance also. Every one of them became a fish, or wished to be one, for several hours of their life that night. The rain avenged the river, not by sheer wrath only, but also by a subtlety of fine skill and high finish. Astutely it began, as if meaning nothing beyond a drop or two to lay the dust, and to set the birds singing, and the young men winging their umbrellas for the maidens of their love. The leaves, now growing to a steadfast color—for oak-apple day was come and gone—took only as many drops as they could hold, so that eyes under new bonnets might be lifted up, and admire them without fear of wet response. "How lovely they do look in their tears!" exclaimed a young lady in sky-blue silk. "But I hope they won't cry too much," said Spotty.

Laying aside further dread of that, when Prebendary Woolfleece (who kept a rain-gauge) staked his reputation on a lovely evening, all the company, full of bright alacrity, assembled in the open space below the bridge to fry their great hoist of fish, and cook their other dainties. Lady Touchwood (who had kept as much out of the way as was possible for the feast-lady, by force of many good reasons of her own) came forward now to show her daughter's fearful ignorance of the soundest of all accomplishments. The fires of furze made a beautiful blaze, succeeded by a sweet glow of embers, frying-pans abounded, and bladders of lard, and jars of very lightly salted butter, and any one, with the rudest rudiments of knowledge, was at liberty to try his hand, or hers, or both together. They did it; they did not care what came of it, because they had nothing to pay for it; and supposing a trout to be coal on one side, and as raw as a candle on the other, they found out some part of him done very nicely, and praised one another's cookery. And more engagements, with a view to matrimony, were made, before it began to rain again, than had ever been heard of in so short a time, or than parents approved, or than ever came to anything.

In this witching hour of the time, with gentle feelings, and genial smells, beginning to pervade the valley, and the sparkle of the sun upon the lightly sprinkled leaves contributing myriad playfulness, Jack Westcombe, who never had been capable of coping with the growth of the age in facetiousness—the cuckoo that has ousted both wit and humor—was looking as if he would like to take one of his hosts by the neck, and lay him in a frying-pan. The desire was natural, but far from just; for Dicky was behaving in his very best style, and for the good of the company. While laid up so sadly, and yet so sweetly, at Lark's Cot, he had found out that Rose was a ministering angel at the frying-pan, and especially in the assumption of trout. In right of this knowledge he brought her forward to a central pan upon the embers, where the poor creatures were being murdered again by an elegant lady from Exeter. But Rose, though her heart was aroused at such a sight, drew back, with the sensitive recoil of genius, until the other lady upset the frying-pan, and ran away to make a boast of it!

Then Miss Arthur was moved beyond her wont, and resolved to do things properly; for the substance and spirit of good work were in her, and slur and waste were an outrage to her mind. Without a word of anything, she tucked her sleeves up, so as not to leave a crease upon them, and she asked for some butter with no salt in it, and a cold frying-pan without seam on the bottom. Bad work can not be turned into good, any more than wrong can be turned into right, in this world. Men of great learning came up to help her; but she only bowed, and begged them not to do so. Only, for the sake of her frock, she accepted Archdeacon Barleycorn's offer of his "long front"—who came to an apron afterward—to save her

lilies from rockets of the pure capricious. Then she busked up the fire, for it is not good to have too slow an ember, neither to let the pan sit down on it; and then—it would be very unfair to say how—she fried trout so that they were grateful. And as every one who does good work, in this age of slur, gets overworked immediately, from every other bonfire fish came pouring, and the Chapter came to an appetite again, by sniffing, and beholding laymen eat, and Dicky Touchwood was in ecstasies, and Julia loftily sarcastic. For Sir Robert Moneywig had just arrived, and his daughter Chrysolite shone most grandly.

Colonel Westcombe watched all these things duly in his quiet, well-contented style, while Mr. Short bustled about among the ladies, allotting to every one her proper period, as if he still carried his grandfather's watch. After these duties he foregathered with his friend, bringing a bottle of the "Extra Sec" intended for the great Sir Robert. "Now what do you think of those three girls," he asked, "Miss Moneywig, Miss Touchwood, and Miss Arthur?"

The Colonel, to the utmost of his power, made a point of forming no hasty opinions, unless he was downright forced to do so, by indignation, or admiration, or some other power that stormed his judgment. In his active days he had waited to be told what he was to do, and then he always did it.

"Short, you know as well as I do. They are all very beautiful girls," he said. "How is good Nous? Is his throat wound gone?"

"Now don't attempt to put me off like that. I have told you all about him long ago. Much credit to you that such things should happen. They have made you a Justice of the Peace, and you must stir. But I will know your opinion of my lovely little Rose."

"She is no little Rose; she is a fine tall girl, and very soon will be a beautiful woman. I will not say a word against the others. But even while she works, see how she walks! No Devonshire maid can walk like that. When I was a young man once in Spain— But never mind; all has been ordered for the best."

"I should hope so. You villain, how dare you sigh? But here comes something, both to sigh for and to groan; as old Farmer Pook said in church, when I exhorted my hearers to sigh for their transgressions. 'Dunno the way to yaigh,' he shouted out, for I happened to look at him as I spoke; 'our vamly always groanies.' And here comes a groaning time for all young ladies. I told you all along what it would be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHIP-RAILWAY.

On page 416 we give an illustration of the great ship-railway which Captain Eads proposes to construct across the isthmus from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. According to his plan, the railway is to have twelve rails, in order to distribute the pressure over a large surface. On these rails will rest a cradle about 350 feet long and about forty-five feet wide, running on 150 wheels. This cradle may be compared with an ordinary dry-dock. The only real difference between them is that the latter is stationary.

To place the vessel on the cradle, the latter will be backed down upon the railway into the water, at a grade of about one foot in a hundred, until the necessary depth is reached, when the vessel will be floated upon it. As soon as the ship is in position she will be safely secured over the cradle, and then the car will be slowly drawn forward. As the water becomes more shallow, the vessel will naturally take her position upon the cradle; the supports will then be moved up against her hull, while still afloat, so that she can not move on the cradle, and she will then be drawn upon the incline until she reaches the level track above. Here two powerful engines will be attached, and the vessel will be at once started on her journey across the isthmus. At the end of her journey she will be put into the water in the same manner that she was taken out.

In order to avoid bending and straining the ship in changing from one grade to another, the cradle will be run on to what may be called a tipping-table placed in the line of the railway. This will rest on a fulcrum at the middle, and on hydraulic rams at each end, so that the ends can be raised or lowered to conform to the different grades. To avoid curves in the railway, turn-tables long enough to receive the cradle will be placed at necessary points in the main track, and on these the cradle will be turned to the right or left to change the direction of the ship. To provide for the passing of ships going in opposite directions, transfer tables for moving the cradles sideways from the track will be constructed at different stations along the route.

THE NATIONAL COTTON CONVENTION.

In 1879, with the noted Kansas exodus movement, there came upon the South a crisis in labor troubles which it seemed nothing could avert. The trouble was that that section of the country had too much politics; political issues were more of a study than internal industry and commerce. To avert the impending calamity, a few wise men of different parties called a Labor Convention, which met in Vicksburg in the spring of 1879, and whose proceedings settled a great many questions on a satisfactory basis between landlord and tenant. The movement, in the main, was a success; still, a little feeling of dissatisfaction and insecurity remained among the people, and it was deemed necessary to follow up the right course by subsequent proceedings. Mr. F. C. Morehead and some other men of sagacity, reviewing the situation, and foreseeing great evils in the planting systems, and rightly judging that these faults entered largely into the existing trouble, conceived the plan of banding the planters of the Mississippi Valley together for the purpose of self-protection and the promotion of their interests. Composed of planters and persons interested in the cotton industry, the little organization called itself the "Mississippi Valley Cotton Planters' Association," and embraced in its boundaries representative men from the four cotton States on the Mississippi River—Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

The first publication of their views was a startling revelation to the South, showing very conclusively as it did why it was behind in the race of progress. Crops raised on capital lent at a usurious rate of interest; the uncertain cotton crop as a totality; uncertainty of laborers' earnings; burdens imposed upon the negroes in the way of one hundred per cent. interest on the necessities they had to have advanced upon their growing crops; the fact that the commission merchants forced them to plant nothing but cotton, refusing to advance supplies unless they did; the fact that the South's corn-cribs, smoke-houses, and supply dépôts were in the West, and the planters virtually paid a bale of cotton for a barrel of pork—all these and many other truths were brought out by the first exhibit of this body.

The movement became a success, and last year the State of Alabama was admitted into the compact of reform and progress. From the inception of the organization to the present much good has resulted, while the future of the organization is brighter than ever. The share or partnership system of labor, in which the planter "advanced" the tenant, and divided the proceeds, was one of the first evils attacked, and many who could do so came down to the business principles of a wages system. This year it was deemed advisable to nationalize the enterprise, and to that end a charter was obtained, and it now embraces all the cotton States—North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas—under the name of the "National Cotton Planters' Association of America."

Our illustration on page 412 shows the second annual meeting held recently in the hall of the Shelby County Fair Association, Memphis, Tennessee, which, in honor of the occasion, was named "Progress Hall."

The President, Hon. F. C. Morehead, was born at Frankfort, Kentucky, September 18, 1846, and comes of one of our most prominent American families. His father, the Hon. Charles S. Morehead, was Governor of Kentucky, chairman of the Peace Conference of that State, and chairman of the Border States Peace Conference at Washington at the outbreak of the civil war. The son, just from school, and not yet sixteen years of age, joined the Confederate cavalry, then in Kentucky, under General Humphrey Marshall. Subsequently he entered the Confederate navy as midshipman, in which capacity he rendered active service on the James River until the close of the war. He was afterward promoted to the position of past-midshipman. He was personally complimented by General Lee for excellent service as ordnance officer of the naval battalion that was transferred to shore duty. After the war he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Commercial Convention that met at Memphis, and appointed as its Commissioner to go to Europe and lay before the prominent foreign cities the mutual advantages to be derived by direct trade through Southern ports. Inheriting a large planting interest in Mississippi on the death of his father, he thus became identified with that pursuit. He has been so eminently successful as the pioneer and head of the Mississippi Valley Cotton Planters' Association that he has been elected to the presidency three times by acclamation.

William K. Ingersoll, Vice-President for Mississippi, is both a large planter and a lawyer of signal ability. He is nearly thirty-six years old, and is a lineal descendant of a family well-known in American history. Like the other officers Vice-Presidents, Enoch Ensley, of Tennessee, Dr. Thomas B. Taylor, of Alabama, Hon. H. R. Lucas, of Louisiana, and the whole list by States through to the last—he is a representative planter, who by his industry has amassed a fortune.

Mr. Bronson Bayliss, a prominent cotton man of Memphis, Tennessee, and chairman of the joint committee of the Memphis Cotton Exchange and the Shelby County Fair Association, on whose spacious grounds the Convention was held, is a man of note in the movement, and one of the most successful business men of Memphis. Occupying positions of trust and honor, he is a man of whom Memphis is proud, and a valuable acquisition to any progressive society.

One important feature of the association is its utter disregard of the political status of its members. Composed of white and black planters, Democrats and Republicans, it is on the right course, and will have more to do with establishing harmony than all the political parties of the nation put together.

President Morehead's speech was a marvel of careful research and statistical information.

THE LATE JOSEPH SABIN.

Mr. Joseph Sabin, one of the best-known bibliophiles in this country, died at his home in Brooklyn on the 5th inst., of Bright's Disease, brought on, his physicians say, by overwork. He was an Englishman by birth, and was in his sixtieth year. He served an apprenticeship of seven years with Charles Richards, an Oxford bookseller and stationer, and two years after the end of his term he married a Miss Winterborn, who is still living. Soon afterward he entered business with his brother-in-law as a bookseller, but in 1848 sailed for America, landing July 3 at New York. He had bought a Texas farm, but upon learning that it was so far from New York, he never sought it out, but engaged with W. H. Appleton, then of Philadelphia, as a salesman. He bought a farm at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, but in 1850 returned to New York, associating himself with Cooley & Keese, book auctioneers. Bangs Brothers, then at No. 13 Park Row, who were the leading book auctioneers, next secured his services at a liberal salary, his chief occupation being to make catalogues of the better class of books. His first library catalogue was made for Dr. Jarvis, of Middletown, Connecticut, and the number afterward made by him was immense.

In 1857 Mr. Sabin set up in Philadelphia as an importer of fine books. He remained there until the opening of the war, when he lost many of his customers, who were Southerners. He returned to New York and opened a book-auction store in Fourth Street. The firm was subsequently dissolved, and for some time Mr. Sabin kept a shop in Canal Street. Afterward he spent a year or two on a farm, when he worked on his *Dictionary of Books Relating to America from its Discovery to the Present Time.* Of this work thirteen large volumes have been published, and Mr. Sabin had reached "Pa," in alphabetical order, when disabled by sickness. From his farm he returned to New York, engaging with Hurd & Houghton for a short time; but in 1864 he bought of Michael Newman the business and good-will of the bookstore at No. 84 Nassau Street (since removed to No. 64), associating some of his sons with himself. He made a specialty of importing books. At this store he published for some time *The Bibliopolist.* His chief work was in directing people in the purchase of rare and valuable books of the better class, and to secure such he would travel any distance. He crossed the ocean as many as twenty-five times for this object. His most notable sale was doubtless that of the Gutenberg Bible, at the Brinley sale, the book bringing $8000. His personal knowledge of rare books was wide.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A close observer claims to have disproved the story about an owl wringing its head off by looking at a man who was walking around it. He writes that he placed an owl on a post, and began to walk rapidly around it. The large round eyes followed him through three circles, and he began to wonder why the head didn't drop off, when he discovered that the neck had a fly-back motion which, when the head had been turned half way around, whisked it back through the circle, and brought the gaze again upon him with such precision and so quickly that the movement had three times escaped his notice.

Mr. R. Littleboy has written to the London *Times*, relative to the proposed removal of the bones of William Penn from Buckinghamshire to Philadelphia, as follows: "As a trustee of the burial-ground, I may say that the trustees have received no application on the subject, and, if made, it would not be entertained." Mr. George L. Harrison, of Philadelphia, has already arrived in England to superintend the removal.

The double standard is represented in a way that can hardly fail to evoke sobs from the old opponents of remonetization, in a new coin struck by the French government for presentation to the Monetary Conference. It is composed of gold and silver in equal proportions, and its value is five francs.

Miss Bernhardt is reported as saying that she "can't see how the men resist tumbling head and ears in love with the handsome American girls." Perhaps they don't resist.

There is a vacancy in some one of the professions at Watsonville, California. The local paper says, "Professor Milliken has been stealing horses, for which he was sent to the State-prison for two years."

A portion of the stone used in constructing the new High School building in Leadville, Colorado, was taken from a neighboring mountain on which several rich gold mines have since been opened. When the building was in course of erection, the stone-cutters found in one of the blocks a vein of natural gold, which is described as being "about the size of a knife blade," and it is said that the entire facings of the structure are cut out of gold-bearing rock.

The physicians of Nashville, Tennessee, have petitioned the Common Council to prohibit the tolling of bells for the dead, on the ground that the sound has a depressing effect on such of their patients as have not succumbed.

In a land where such occurrences as that narrated below are happening simultaneously with the assorting of offenders in the police courts, the reporter must necessarily be a person of varied talents and ready adaptability. The event is said to have happened in Iowa: "The heavens, out of their bountiful supply, kissed the earth with wet lips, and then smiled upon the blooming foliage Sunday."

There is said to be a Chinaman in San José, California, who has white hair, and whiskers "cut according to the latest French style"—whatever that may be—and who would pass for a visitor from Paris, were it not for "that three feet of heathenism," his queue.

While endeavoring to find the source of a dispatch which was sent to the Associated Press announcing that Mr. Jay Gould had been fatally shot, the managers of that bureau discovered evidences of the existence of a body of men organized for the purpose of spreading false information such as would affect the stock and other markets, and enable them to profit by the fluctuations. This is an illustration of what constitutes one of the most laborious and expensive offices of the metropolitan daily press—the separation of the trustworthy information from that which is false, and the obtaining of information for the purpose of learning whether it is worth putting into print. It is believed by some great editors that, after rejecting such material as is found to be untrustworthy or uninteresting, the news of the day can be put into comparatively small space; and in carrying out this theory, they spend large sums of money, the results of which do not appear on the printed pages.

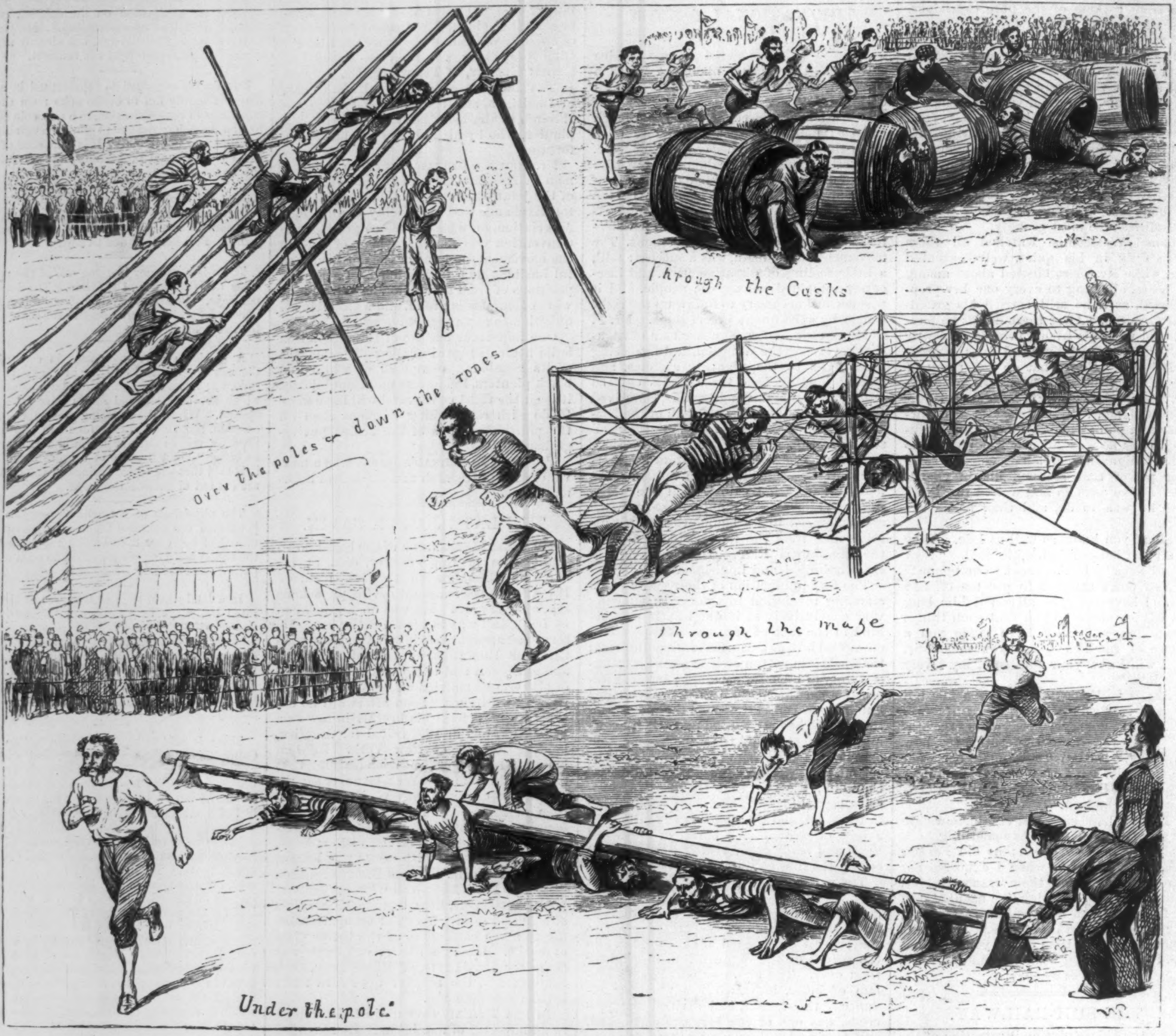
The little village of Abilene, Kansas, is noted for having six churches. It has only one newspaper, and that is a weekly; but Abilene is nevertheless ahead of all other towns in this season's competition in the matter of warm weather stories. A farmer living near Riley Center—so it is printed—started for Garrison with a load of hogs; but the sun was warm, and the hogs were fat, and when the farmer arrived in Garrison, his eighty-five dollars' worth of pork had melted, and leaked through the bottom of the wagon box.

Mr. Roscoe Conkling, communing with himself: "Well, whatever may be the outcome of this performance, I have not yet heard of anybody alluding to us as 'Platt and Conkling.'"

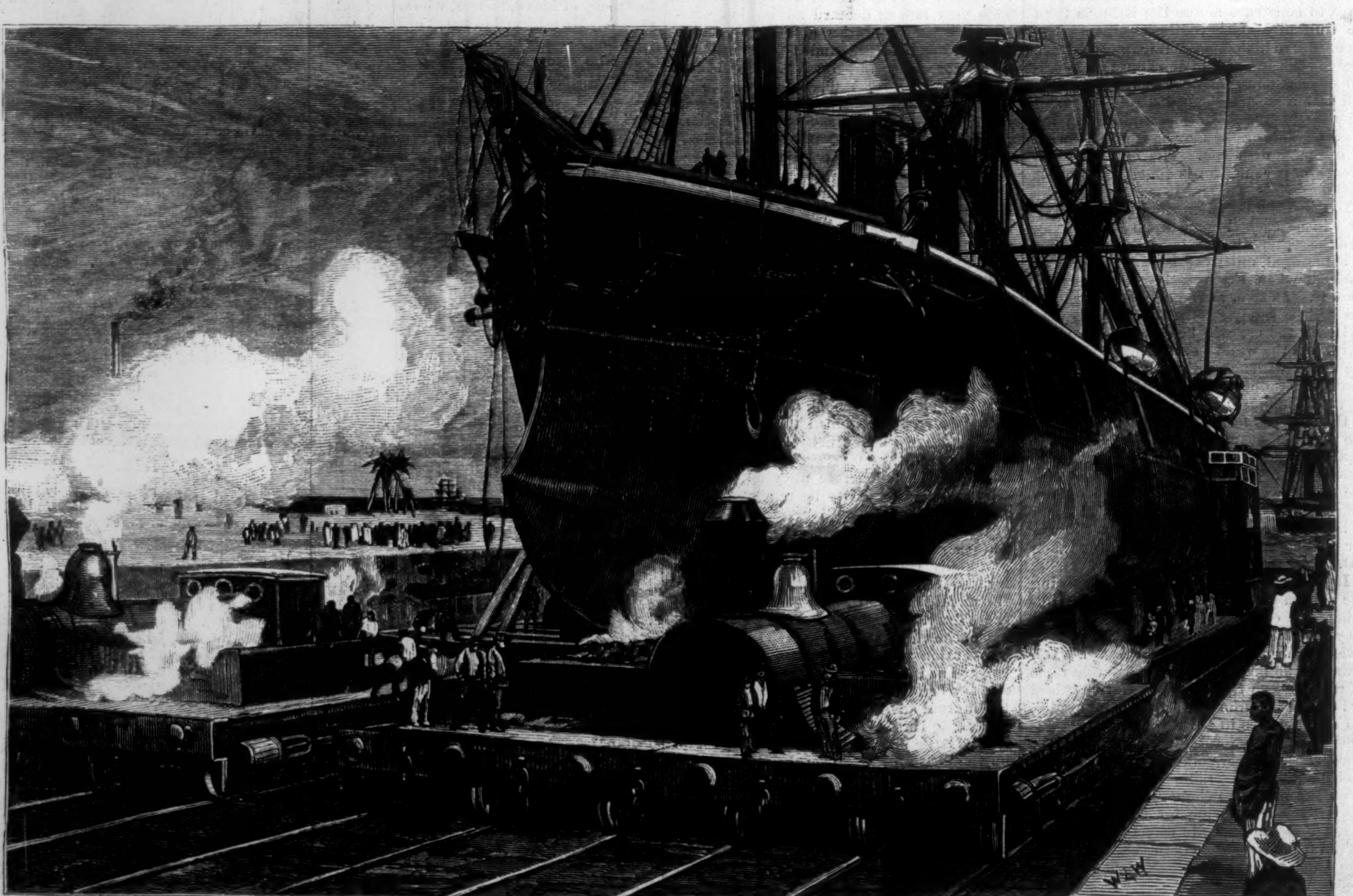
It was a Yale Freshman who, on reading the announcement that the Sophomores were going to play the *Antigone*, remarked that with the *ante* gone, he should think it would be hardly worth while to play.

The first crate of peaches received in Savannah this season sold for two dollars and a quarter. It contained nine peaches.

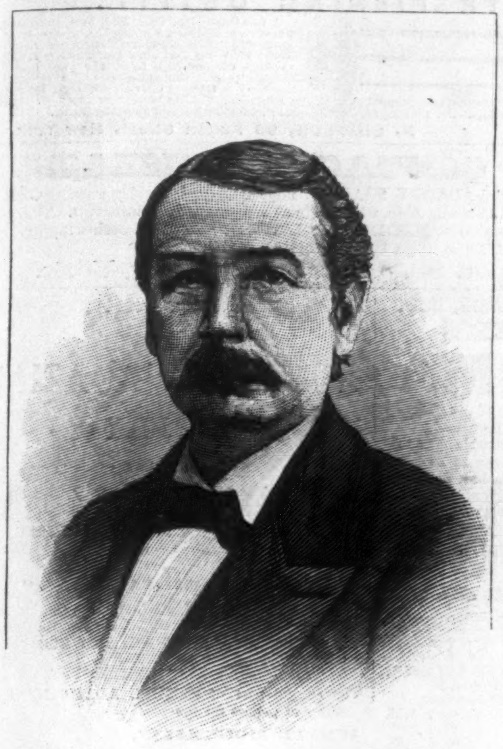
If peace has "her victories no less renowned than war," she also has perils, especially for the National Guard, which are not to be ignored. On the occasion of a parade in Brooklyn about the middle of May, some seventy-five National Guardsmen were overcome by the heat. On Memorial-day the prostration of a few men in the ranks in the course of a parade in that city was accepted by the brigade surgeons as a warning of approaching decimation, and on their appeal the parade was cut short. One of the first regiments to start for its armory had arranged to make a trip to Coney Island, later in the day, with a visiting regiment from Massachusetts. The one-armed colonel of the Fourteenth thereupon sent a message to the commanding general which is worthy of a place in the annals of the National Guard. He announced: "The Fourteenth started out to decorate the graves of their dead comrades in Greenwood, and to Greenwood they are going. They have no Coney Island picnic on hand."



NOVEL GAMES OF BRITISH SAILORS AT MALTA.

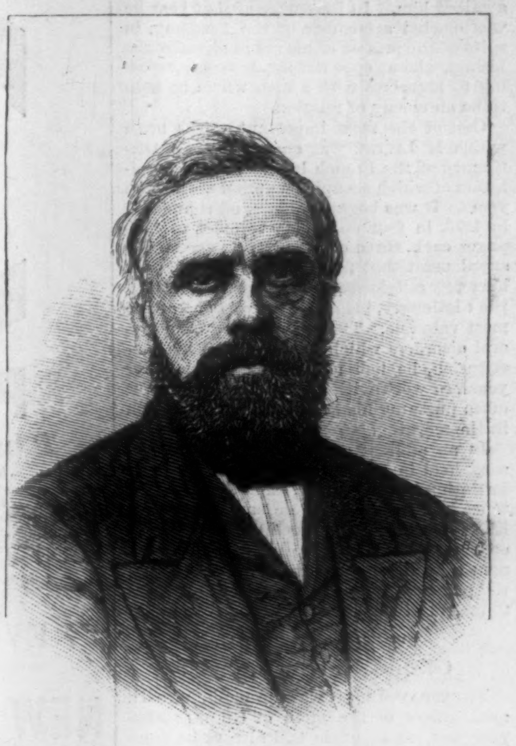


CAPTAIN EADS'S SHIP RAILWAY.—[SEE PAGE 415.]



THE HON. ADDISON BROWN, U. S. JUDGE FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICKERY.

JAMES S. COLEMAN, COMMISSIONER OF STREET-CLEANING. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LACEY.



THE LATE JOSEPH SABIN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEWIS.—[SEE PAGE 415.]

JUDGE CHOATE'S SUCCESSOR.

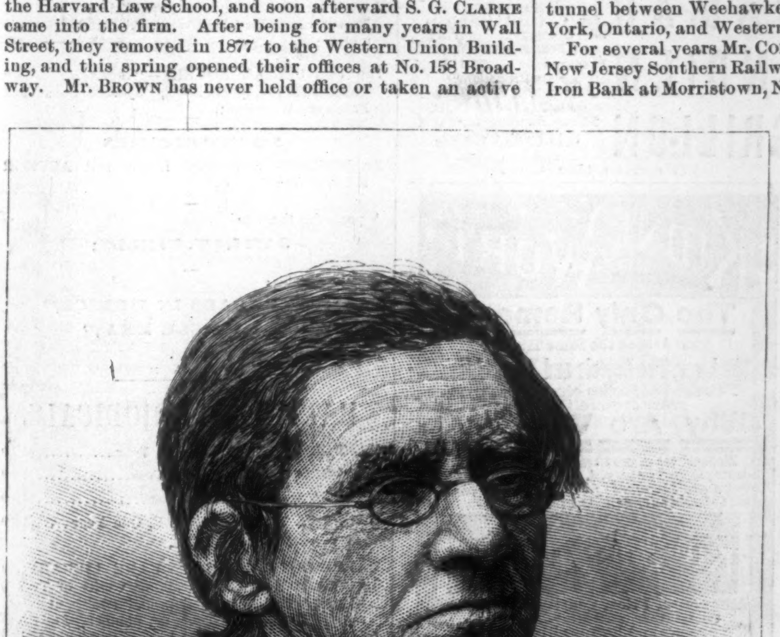
MR. ADDISON BROWN, who has just been appointed to succeed Mr. CHOATE as United States Judge for the Southern District of New York, is a member of the well-known law firm of STANLEY, BROWN, & CLARKE, of this city. He is about fifty years of age, and was born in Essex County, Massachusetts. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1854, and in the autumn of that year came to this city, entering the office of BROWN, HALL, & VANDERPOEL. Here he was a fellow-student with United States District Attorney STEWART L. WOODFORD. Mr. BROWN was admitted to the bar in 1855, and began the practice of his profession the following year with NELSON SMITH. From 1857 to 1864 he was a partner with the late E. R. BOGARDUS, under the firm name of BOGARDUS & BROWN. In 1864 he became a member of the firm of STANLEY, LANGDELL, & BROWN, at No. 16 Wall Street, of which Judge PIERREPONT was senior member. In 1870 Mr. LANGDELL became Dane Professor in the Harvard Law School, and soon afterward S. G. CLARKE came into the firm. After being for many years in Wall Street, they removed in 1877 to the Western Union Building, and this spring opened their offices at No. 158 Broadway. Mr. BROWN has never held office or taken an active part in politics. He has always been a strong Republican. Judge BROWN has practiced in the State Courts, in the United States Courts, and in the Supreme Court at Washington.

THE NEW STREET COMMISSIONER.

MR. JAMES S. COLEMAN, the newly appointed Commissioner of Street-cleaning for the city of New York, is a young man, not more than thirty-eight years of age. He was educated in one of the public schools of New York, and has been engaged as contractor and superintendent of various important public works in different parts of the country. He was connected with the construction of the Morris and Essex, the New Jersey Central, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and other Eastern railways. For the past year he has been engaged in building the Texas Pacific Railway, and in constructing bridges across the Brazos and other rivers in Texas. He is now constructing the new tunnel between Weehawken and New Durham for the New York, Ontario, and Western Railway.

For several years Mr. COLEMAN has been a director in the New Jersey Southern Railway Company, and in the National Iron Bank at Morristown, New Jersey, a trustee of the Morris County Savings-Bank, and an associate of WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, FITZ-JOHN PORTER, H. L. MARSH, and JAMES KING as a trustee of the Washington Association for the preservation of WASHINGTON'S head-quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, for which $50,000 was lately raised by private subscription. He is tall and spare in figure, with gray hair, mustache, and goatee. He has a house in this city, and also one in Madison, New Jersey, where his parents live.

In reply to questions put to him by a *Tribune* reporter, Mr. COLEMAN said: "I believe that the streets can be kept clean, and I will at least undertake the task. The present system does not meet the approval of the people, and therefore it will have to be changed. I have given a good deal of attention to the matter, and have some ideas. Also, many suggestions have been made to me in regard to collecting and disposing of the garbage and ashes, but I do not care to state them at present. I would rather perform the work, and let the public judge of the wisdom of my plans. I have had my own views about cleaning the streets for years. Two or three years ago I sent a bid to the Police Commissioners, offering to do the work at a figure much less than the appropriation for the Commissioners. I also offered to furnish a million dollars as a bond for the faithful performance of the work. The board wrangled over the bid for several months, and finally it was rejected. My plans for cleaning the streets have not materially changed since then."



THE LATE M. LITTRÉ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE LATE M. LITTRÉ.

THE eminent French publicist and philologist MAXIMILIEN PAUL ÉMILE LITTRÉ died in Paris on the 1st of June. He was born in that city on the 11th of February, 1801. Educated as a physician, he preferred to engage in the pursuit of literature. He contributed, however, a number of papers to the *Dictionnaire de Médecine*, including an important one on Asiatic cholera. In 1837 he established a medical and surgical journal, and also translated and edited the works of HIPPOCRATES. The first volume, which appeared in 1839, secured M. LITTRÉ admission to the Academy of Inscriptions. The tenth and last volume did not appear until 1861. M. LITTRÉ also published, in 1839–40, a translation of STRAUSS'S *Life of Jesus*. Embracing many of the opinions of M. COMTE, he produced, in 1845, a work entitled *De la Philosophie Positive*. He was appointed by the Institute successor to M. FAURIEL, for continuing the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, his principal work being upon the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third volumes. In 1849 he published a work on the application of the Positive Philosophy to the government of society.

M. LITTRÉ was in 1863 a candidate for the French Academy, but his admission was strenuously opposed by Bishop DUPANLOUP on the ground of his religious opinions, and he was rejected. In 1871 he was appointed Professor of History and Geography in the Polytechnic School, and in the same year he was elected to the National Assembly, and was chosen Vice-President of that body. A further honor

GEORGE STEPHENSON.—[SEE PAGE 418.]

awaited him. In December of that year he was elected a member of the Academy, in spite of the protest of his old antagonist the bishop, who at once left the Academy, refusing to associate with a man whom he held to be an enemy of religion.

One of the most important works upon which M. LITTRÉ was engaged was a Dictionary of the French language, the compilation of which occupied a period of thirteen years. It was begun in 1860, and completed in 1873, in four enormous volumes of 1200 pages each, three columns to a page, and a supplement that fills another volume. Of his many *collaborateurs* in the preparation of the dictionary, his daughter was one of the most valuable. Though suffering from several disorders which had deranged his constitution, he had not ceased, in his later years, to work with as much ardor as ever, often pursuing his labors until three o'clock in the morning.

In an address at a meeting of Freemasons, held in 1875, to celebrate M. LITTRÉ's initiation into the order, there occurs a sentence which is a complete summary of his life, and which might worthily serve for his epitaph. Said he, "The principal duty of man toward himself is to instruct himself; the principal duty of man toward others is to instruct them."

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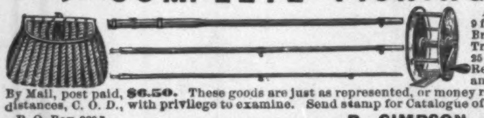

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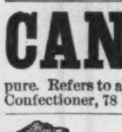

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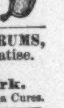

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